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ELEGANT

ANECDOTES.

ORIGINAL & SELECTED.

BY
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ANECDOTES.

OF GREAT PERSONAGES, WITH OTHER CURIOUS
INFORMATION.

IN A LETTER FROM MR. SHERLOCK TO A GENTLE-
MAN AT PARIS.

BUT why will you not come to London? I am anxious to repay you the civilities you shewed me at Paris. You hate England, but you love the English. I love France as little as you do England; but, I assure you, I most sincerely esteem a number of your countrymen; and none of them more sincerely than yourself. You will not come, you say, till the peace is made. I hope, for *your* sake, we shall beat you; for, if we do, you will be better received.

As *Le Roi* is the grand idea that fills your mind at home, so I take it for granted, our King is the first object that will engage your attention here.

I think I can tell pretty nearly what you will say of him on your return, as well as of our capital. You will let me know after if I have guessed right.

You will say then, that he represents majesty better than any sovereign you have seen, except the Pope. Thus far only you can judge for yourself. The rest of your judgments must be collected from the opinions of the different classes of his subjects. The people here don't flatter; but always give their "worst of thoughts the worst of words." You may trust their account of him implicitly; and it is indeed a very flattering account for him. They will tell you that he has all manner of good qualities, and no bad ones; that he is humane and pious; that he loves his Queen, his children, and his people; that he is very benevolent, and never did nor said an ill-natured thing; to which they add, that he has no capricious expences, and that he is very temperate in his manner of living. Thus far the people. Men of letters and artists praise him, because he encourages genius, and rewards, with royal munificence, every species of superior merit. Persons of rank, who see him nearer, say, that his manners are obliging; his understanding, solid; his taste, good; and that he is possessed of very extensive knowledge.

To all this, they add but one shade: they say he is obstinate. Obstinacy, in the language of courtiers, you know, is steadiness. Where one ends and the other begins, is not perhaps so easy to determine. The excess of a virtue is generally a fault;

and as the people, who have nothing to hope or fear, and who really love the King, say he is obstinate, you will probably be rather inclined to believe them than the courtiers.

Upon the whole you will find him a great and amiable Prince; and you will regret, as I did, that he had not a friend in the No-Popery mob to burn St. James's palace*; for he is, without exception, the worst lodged Sovereign in Europe.

After *le Roi*, you will no doubt think of *la Reine*. Our Queen is neither a wit nor a beauty. She is prudent, well-informed, has an excellent understanding, and is very charitable. I spent three months in the country where she was born; and the people there have quick conceptions, and are well-natured. Her Majesty has an elegant person, good eyes, good teeth, a Cleopatra nose, and fine hair. The expression of her countenance is pleasing and interesting; it is full of sense and good temper. She loves domestic pleasures; is fonder of diamonds than the Queen of France; as fond of snuff as the King of Prussia; is extremely affable, very pious, and is praised by all the world at home and abroad.

If you had never seen any capital but Paris, London would appear to you a most magnificent city. Its streets, squares, &c. are infinitely superior to yours. But as you have seen all the great towns

* It is doing great violence to language to call this building a palace. It looks like the offices to Marlborough palace.

of Germany, Holland, and Italy, I do not think London will make many violent impressions on you. It is larger, better lighted, and more convenient for foot passengers, than any city you have seen; but the ideas which I think will strike you most, are the goodness of the horses, the richness of the shops, and the shapes, skins, and complexions of the women.

However, if London be superior to Paris in the *ensemble*, it is not so in the detail. You will in vain look here for 500 palaces; you will not find fifty. You will go to our opera, and you will expect pleasures equal to those you feel at your own. You will be disappointed again. The opera of London is inferior to that of Paris in every respect, except in singing. You will seek a walk as agreeable as the grand allée of the *Palais Royal*, and a garden as *splendid* as that of the *Thuilleries*. You will find neither. Our park is neither a pleasing nor an interesting walk, and is extremely disagreeable to the feet. You must not, however, say that here; for we are proud of our park. As I know you are sincere, and never speak but what you think, when any one asks you how you like the park, tell them, Richmond is charming.

The London theatres will not enchant you, unless you stay long enough to know our language better than Voltaire did. If you come to understand it well enough to acquire once a relish for Shakespeare, you will think no more of Racine after, than you will of St. Paul's church, after see-

ing St. Peter's at Rome. It will be eating a peach after a pine-apple. But if you are not charmed with St. Paul's church, you will with the Pantheon. It is the noblest and finest room in Europe. See it filled, and you will have an idea of the splendor and opulence of the people of this town. When we were at Rome together, you remember there were one night at the masquerade, near the end of the carnival, twelve hundred people who paid eighteen-pence for entrance; and the Romans talked of it as a mighty matter. The keeper of this room told me, there were one night at a masquerade eighteen hundred persons, who gave two guineas a-piece for their tickets.

Westminster-abbey will make no great effect on you. You have better Gothic buildings in France. You have also better sculpture than any it contains. But there is not, either in France, or in any other part of the world, a repository of the dead that will interest you so much. It is the Elysian fields of England, where every class of distinguished excellence has its portion allotted to it. Patriots and warriors, philosophers and princes, Garricks and Shakespeares, have each of them their place. They seem to stop the traveller and say; "Admire a grateful country, which honoured us when living, and "which respects our memory when dead *." O

* How different is the language of Scipio's tomb at Torre di Patria:—

"Ingrata patria, ne quidem ossa habebis."

talents! blessed is your lot in every quarter of the globe; in England, it is glorious as well as happy.

The guards will please you even after those of Potsdam. There are a great many handsome men amongst them; and they go through their exercise with as much regularity as the Prussian troops, tho' not near with so much quickness.

But of all the impressions that will be made on you, I believe the strongest will be from a very common circumstance, which you will meet frequently our streets. We have here vocal performers, as you have, who sing verses to the crowd. You will hear them, in those songs, mention the names of the first persons in the ministry, and load them with the most opprobrious language you can imagine. I bought, yesterday, one of these compositions; and if a man of rank at Paris had said *indirectly* half as much against one of your ministers in any company, he would sleep that night in the Bastile. The indecency of this will shock you; but I know no country where there are so many shameful violations of public decency to be met with as in this †.

In my next, I shall give you some account of our first-rate geniuses, wits, and beauties, and a short history of the present state of arts, letters, and manners amongst us. *Vale, hostium dilectissime.*

† To attempt to keep a large city free from vice, would be ridiculous; because it is ridiculous to attempt impossibilities. But a tolerable decency of manners ought to be expected; because we see it is practicable, and to be met with to a certain degree every where else.

OF THE LATE MR. MALLET.

AMONG words which, in their present acceptation, are far remote from their original and rigid meaning, none perhaps are more striking than Deism and Freethinking. The former, which, in its strict import, signifies nothing more than a belief in the existence of the Deity, in opposition to Atheism, is now universally understood of all persons who reject the Christian revelation; and the word Freethinking, which should convey the idea of a man of a liberal and ingenious disposition, free from vulgar prejudices and unmanly bigotry, and investigating truth with virtuous views and a deep veneration of the Supreme Being, is now commonly appropriated to those persons who, from a love of singularity, and affectation of superior understanding, or innate malignity of mind, would combat truths the most universally received and revered in all ages and in all countries, and would dissolve those sacred ties by which society is united, and destroy those hopes of immortality which God has given, as incentives to virtue, and the best security of our happiness here and hereafter.

An anecdote of the late Mr. Mallet affords a remarkable instance of the truth of this observation, and cannot fail to convey some useful advice. This gentleman was a great Freethinker, and a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made no scruple to disseminate his opinions wherever he could intro-

duce them. At his own table, the lady of the house, who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions, would often, in the warmth of argument, say,—“Sir, we Deists.”

The lecture upon the *non credenda* of the Free-thinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domestics became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow, who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced, that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate.— Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first, the man was sullen, and would answer no questions; but, being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said,—“I “ had heard you so often talk of the impossibility “ of a future state, and that after death there was “ no reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, “ that I was tempted to commit the robbery.”— “ Well; but you rascal,” replied Mallet, “ had “ you no fear of the gallows?”—“ Sir,” said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, “ what is “ that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? “ You had removed my greatest terror; why should “ I fear the least?”

OF PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE Czar Peter was too wise a monarch to lose sight for a moment of so important an object as agriculture. Whatever part of the world he visited, nothing relative to that science escaped his attention. In all his travels, whether through France, Holland, or Germany, when he saw the country people at work, on the right or left of the road, he left his carriage to observe them, and generally conversed with them on the subject of their occupations. He frequently entered their houses, examined every thing, particularly their utensils of husbandry, of which he sometimes made drawings on the spot, and always wrote down his remarks on tables he carried about with him for that purpose. It was more especially his amusement at each stage, while the horses were changing.

As he was passing through a village on his return to Paris, he saw a man, dressed very differently from the peasants, at work in a garden of moderate extent. Finding, on inquiry, that this laborious cultivator was the Vicar of the place, he entered the garden, which he perceived to be well stocked with handsome fruit trees, the house being situated in the middle, and a little forest of mulberry trees behind. The Czar conversed with him a full half-hour, and learned that the greatest part of the trees had been planted by the Vicar himself, who still continued to prune them with his own hands. The

Prince asked with astonishment, why he was obliged to submit to such laborious occupations, and if his parishioners never gave him their assistance.

"Very seldom, Sir," answered the Vicar. "When any of them have a few moments leisure, they do not want a good inclination; but they have always so much business themselves, that they have little time to spare to do mine. However, the duties of my office leave me sufficient for the cultivation of my little piece of ground; and, if the season is favourable, I always make a few hundred livres a-year by the sale of my fruits and silk, which are a very necessary addition to my slender allowance."

The Russian Monarch was enchanted, and wrote down the name of this worthy pastor on his tablet. Then turning to the companions of his travels,—
 "observe this worthy ecclesiastic," said he;—"the labour of his hands supplies him with cyder, wine, and ready money into the bargain." Do not fail to remind me of him when we return to Russia. I'll try if there are any means to animate our village priests to cultivate their glebes, in order to deliver them at once from poverty and sloth."

ON THE CORONATION OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

THE whole behaviour of GEORGE III. at the Coronation was justly admired and commended by every one, and particularly his manner of ascending and seating himself on his throne after his Coronation. No actor in the character of Pyrrhus in the Distrest Mother, not even Booth himself, who was celebrated for it in the Spectator, ever ascended the throne with so much grace and dignity. There was another particular, which those only could observe who sat near the communion table: when the King approached the communion table, as did the Prebendaries of Westminster, in order to receive the Sacrament, he inquired of the Archbishop, *whether he should not lay aside his crown?* The Archbishop asked the Bishop of Rochester; but neither of them could say what had been the usual form. The King determined within himself, that humility best became such a solemn act of devotion, and took off his crown, and laid it down during the administration.

 OF RICHARD III.

IN the town of Leicester, the house is still shewn where Richard the Third passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him,

still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that Prince's character. It was his custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a secret receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day on which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being Mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her servant maid, who has been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices, the whole transaction came to light.

OF GENERAL BAU.

GENERAL Bau, a German officer, in the service of Russia, who contributed essentially to the elevation of the great Catherine, had orders to march to Holstein with a body of troops, of which he had the command. He was a foldier of fortune,

and no one knew either his family or native place. One day, as he was encamped near Hufum, he invited the principal officers to dinner. As they were sitting down to the table, they saw a plain miller and his wife brought into the tent, whom the General had sent to his Aid-du-Camp to seek. The poor miller and his wife approached, trembling with apprehension. The General reconciled them to their situation, and made them sit down beside him to dinner; during which he asked them a number of questions about their family. The good man told him, that he was the eldest son of a miller, like himself, and that he had two brothers in a mercantile line, and a sister. But, says the General, had you not another brother besides the two whom you have mentioned? The miller told him he had another brother, but he went to the wars very young, and as they had never heard of him, they supposed he was dead. The General reading in the eyes of the officers that they were surprised at his entertaining himself so long with questioning the poor man, turned to them and said; "Gentlemen, you have always been curious to know from what family I sprung; I now tell you, that I am not ashamed of my origin, that I am the brother of this honest miller;—he has given you the history of my family." The General, after spending the day with his relations, in the festivity of which his officers heartily joined, took measures to better their fortune.

THE following Anecdote, which is of undoubted authenticity, will sufficiently prove the decided superiority, which, in addition to her other advantages, Great Britain possesses in the article of hardware. Some time ago a French Nobleman of distinction was introduced to a manufacturer of Birmingham, by whom he was shewn through the different workshops, &c. where the various mechanical contrivances, the judicious arrangement of the business, and the high degree of polish to which the several articles were brought, attracted very strongly the attention of the noble visitor. At length, producing a gold snuff-box from his pocket, he said, that it was somewhat strange, that with our superiority of skill, we could not equal the manufacture of that hinge. The proprietor of the manufactory took the box in his hand, and after viewing it for some time very attentively, he requested permission to take it asunder, assuring its owner that it should suffer no damage. It was accordingly taken in pieces, when the manufacturer found his own initials on the inner edge of the box, which, though made the boast of French ingenuity, had been actually formed on the very spot where they stood.

A CURIOUS MINISTERIAL.

A Certain Minister at a certain congress upon the continent, some years ago, having a grand entertainment, had, amongst other dishes, a very rich pye, which some of his English guests declared would have been excellent, if it had not been altogether so high seasoned. The cook, informed of this objection, acquainted his excellency that he had a smaller pye of the same sort, not quite so high, which he provided from a foresight of what might happen. "Bring the pye," said our Minister, "and let me ask you gentlemen, continued he, turning to his countrymen, "whether you think an English blockhead would have had sense enough to have thought of such a contrivance."

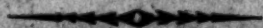
They were struck dumb with this piece of French ingenuity; but it was not long before they had an opportunity of returning his Lordship's compliment. The cook finding it very practicable to get safe into his own country, slipped away on the eve of the next grand entertainment with all his Excellency's *plate*, which put him to the trouble of excusing himself to those he had invited; one of his countrymen answered, smiling—"Does your Excellency think any English blockhead could have had sense enough to have thought of such a contrivance?"

OF THE PRESENT DUKE OF NORFOLK.

SOME months ago, a worthy old clergyman in Cumberland, who had brought up a large family on seventy pounds a year, being informed of the death of his rector, was advised to come to town, and apply to the Bishop of London, in whose gift the living was, for the next presentation. He followed the advice, and was directed to his Lordship's house, in St. James's-square. By mistake, he knocked at the next door, which is the Duke of Norfolk's; and inquiring of the servant if his master was at home, received an answer in the affirmative, but that he was then engaged. The old gentleman requested the servant to go up, and entreat his master to be at home to him, as his business was of much consequence. The Duke, with that urbanity which distinguishes him, on being informed a respectable looking old clergyman wished to speak to him, desired him to be introduced, and begged to know the occasion of his visit.

"My Lord," said the old gentlemen, "the Rector of ——— is dead, and I was advised by my parishioners to come to town, and entreat the friendship and protection of your Lordship. I have served the parish many years, and hope I have acquitted myself with propriety." "And pray whom do you take me for, Sir?" said the Duke interrupting him, "The Bishop of London, my Lord." His Grace immediately rang the bell, and a servant

entering—"John who am I?"—The Duke of Norfolk, Sir."—"Good God!" said the Curate, starting from the chair, "I humbly entreat your Grace's pardon, and assure you, that nothing but my ignorance of the town could have occasioned such a mistake."—"Stop, stop, my good friend! you and I do not part thus—we must first take a glass together, and then see whether I cannot shew you the way to the Bishop of London's house." His Grace and the Curate took the other bottle, found their way to the Bishop's—and the old gentleman left St. James's-square three hundred and forty pounds a year richer than he entered.



IN THE REIGN OF CLAUDIUS.

IN the reign of Claudius, the fifth Roman Emperor, a conspiracy was formed to dethrone him by Camillus, his lieutenant governor in Dalmatia; but the legions which had declared for Camillus, and acknowledged him as Emperor, in a few days abandoned and destroyed him.

The cruelty of Messalina and her minions upon this occasion seemed to have no bounds. They so wrought upon the Emperor's fears and suspicions, that numbers were executed without trial or proof. Among the numbers who were put to death on this occasion, the pathetic catastrophe of Petus, and his faithful wife Arria, deserve to be lamented. Cecina

Petus was once of those unfortunate men, who joined with Camillus against the Emperor, and who, when his associate was slain by the army, had endeavoured to escape into Dalmatia. However, he was there apprehended, and put on board a ship, in order to be conveyed to Rome. Arria, who had long been the partner of his affections and misfortunes, entreated his keepers to be taken in the same vessel with her husband. "It is usual," she said, "to grant a man of his quality a few slaves, to dress, undress, and attend him; I myself will perform all these offices, and save you the trouble of a more numerous retinue." Her fidelity however, could not prevail.—She therefore hired a fisherman's bark, and thus kept company with the ship in which her husband was conveyed through the voyage.

They had an only son, equally remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the rectitude of his disposition. This youth died at the same time his father was confined to his bed by a dangerous disorder. However, the affectionate Arria concealed her son's death, and in her visits to her husband, testified no marks of sadness. Being asked how her son did, she replied that he was at rest, and only left her husband's chamber to give a vent to her tears. When Petus was condemned to die, and the orders were that he should put an end to his own life, Arria used every art to inspire him with resolution, and at length find him continue timid and wavering, she took the poignard, and stabbing

herself in his presence, presented it to him, saying,
 "It gives me no pain my Petus."

OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE Czar being one day at dinner at a foreign merchant's, whose daughter was very beautiful, fell violently in love, and pressed her to make a return to his passion. But the young lady, as virtuous as beautiful, firmly refused the most seducing offers, and, dreading his solicitations, resolved to leave Moscow by night, without acquainting her parents.

Taking some provisions and a little money with her, she travelled several miles on foot, and at last reached a small village, the abode of her nurse. She discovered herself to her foster sister, whom she informed of her intention to remain concealed. Her nurse's husband, a carpenter by trade, conducted her to a neighbouring wood, where, on a little rising ground, surrounded by a morass, he hastily built a hut for her residence.

The day after her flight, the Czar sent for her parents, who were inconsolable for her loss. He at first thought it a concerted scheme: but the violence of their grief undeceived him, and he promised a large reward to any one who should discover the fugitive. All search however was vain, and her parents went into mourning.

A year after, an accident a little uncommon,

occasioned her discovery. A Colonel, who was absent from his regiment on leave, made his way into the midst of the wood in pursuit of game, came to the morass, and met the lady. Struck by her beauty, he immediately became enamoured of her, and, after a few questions, found that she was the person whose loss had made so much noise. He consoled her, by telling her that the Czar's heart was engaged elsewhere; offered to wait on her parents, and concert with them the means of taking her from her solitary abode. She consented to his proposal, and accepted his assistance with gratitude, that led the way to softer emotions. Her parents, overjoyed at finding their daughter, determined to apply to Mrs. Catherine, for this was the name then given to the celebrated woman whom Peter afterwards placed upon his throne.

Catherine spoke to the Czar, and represented in such lively colours all that a delicate girl must have suffered, shut up for a whole year in a hut, in the midst of a morass, that he was much affected, reproached himself severely with the pain he had given her, and determined to make her amends. He desired to see her, her parents, and her deliverer; to the latter of whom he presented her,—“Receive, from my hand,” said he, “the most amiable and virtuous of women. I settle upon her and her heirs three thousand roubles a year.”

This respectable woman went often to court, in full possession of his favour, and the veneration of the public.

OF DRYDEN.

MR. DRYDEN happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and others of the first distinction and reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects; such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness and elegance of style, &c. &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination, and place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as a judge of the whole. Of course that office was assigned him.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other: the man most tranquil and unconcerned was Lord Dorset; who, with much ease and composure, very coolly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one, in particular, he discovered the most boundless rapture.

“I must acknowledge,” says Dryden, “that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote

them; but I am under indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, Gentlemen; and I believe each and every of you will approve my judgment.

‘ I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq. or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET.’

“ I must confess,” continued Dryden, “ that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, Gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but the quintessence of language; and is, in fact, reason and argument surpassing every thing.”

The company all readily concurred with the bard; and each person present was forward to express a due admiration of his Lordship’s penetration, sound judgment, and superior abilities; with which it is probable Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon such occasions, was still more thoroughly satisfied than any of the company.

OF SOCRATES.

ONE day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife’s bawling, went out of his house,

and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her scolding was not able to disturb his tranquillity, flung a chamber pot full upon his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, *I thought, indeed, that after so much thunder, we should have some rain.*

OF SWIFT.

SWIFT once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, sent for a barber to shave him, who performed his office very dexterously, and being a prating fellow, amused the Dean, during the operation, with a variety of chat. The Dean inquired of him who was the minister of the parish, and whether he had one farthing to rub upon another?—The barber answered, that though the benefice was but small, the incumbent was very rich.—“How the plague can that be?”—“Why, please your reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, stockings, shoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and sells them at an advanced price to the parishioners, and so picks up a penny.”

The Dean was curious to see this vicar, and dismissing the barber with a shilling, desired the Landlord to go in his name, and ask that gentleman, to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had

bespoke a yard of mutton, the name he usually gave to the neck for dinner. Word was brought back that he had rid abroad to visit some sick parishioners. Why then, said the Dean, invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone. The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel, came to the inn, first inquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had so kindly invited him. What the vengeance said the servant, don't you know Dean Swift? at which the barber turned pale, said his babbling tongue had ruined him: then ran into the house, fell upon his knees, and entreated the Dean not to put him in print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence should put him into black and white, he should lose all his customers.

Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity, bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him he would neither put him, or his wife, or the Vicar in print. After dinner, having got out of him the history of the whole parish, he dismissed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

IN the twelfth century, that age of superstition, when scarce one person imagined that devotion and vice were incompatible with each other, Saint Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was distinguished by a purity of

sentiment and manners, then uncommon. One day he came to the nunnery of Godstowe, and entering the church, beheld a magnificent tomb, covered with silk hangings, and surrounded by lamps and wax tapers. Inquiring whose it was, he was answered, that it was the tomb of Rosamond, the mistress of King Henry, who had been a great benefactress to that church.—“What! (exclaimed Saint Hugh) can money then obtain those honours which are due to the virtuous only? This woman has enriched your house, but she persisted in her guilt. Remove those pompous ornaments from her tomb, and let us convince mankind, that it is not gold, but repentance and piety alone that can expiate a life of scandal and adultery.”

THE celebrated Dr. Saunderson, the blind Mathematical Professor, of Cambridge, being in a very large company, observed, without any hesitation or inquiry, that a lady, who had just left the room, and whom he did not know, had very fine teeth. As this was really the case, he was questioned as to the means he employed in making such a discovery.—I have no reason to think the lady a fool, said the Doctor; and I have given the only reason she could have, for keeping herself in a continual laugh for an hour together.

OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THIS great Prince amused himself daily by mixing with the people, and often going into coffee-houses *incog.* at Paris, where soon after his arrival he met with a person with whom he played at chess. The Emperor lost his game, and wished to play another; but the gentleman desired to be excused, saying, he must go to the opera to see the Emperor. "What do you expect to see in the Emperor (says he;) there is nothing worth seeing in him, I can assure you; he is just like any other man." "No matter (says the gentleman,) I have long had an irresistible curiosity to see him: he is a very great man and I will not be disappointed." "And is that really your only motive (said the Emperor) for going to the opera?" "It really is" (replied the gentleman.) "Well then, if that is the case (says the Emperor) we may as well play another game now, *for you see him before you.*"

 OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,
AFTERWARDS KING WILLIAM.

WHEN the Duke of Monmouth made his expedition to England he was countenanced in it by the Prince of Orange, as he pretended that his design of going, was to bring about a republic in

that kingdom. But when the Prince of Orange understood that he aimed at the crown, he was greatly alarmed, and sent an express to his father-in-law, King James, to acquaint him what number of forces he and Argyle had, and where they intended to land; and offered to come in person himself to head the army against him. This intelligence put a speedy end to the rebellion, which might not have been so soon quashed, if the Prince of Orange had not perceived that he caught at the crown, which he longed so much for himself.

King James is blamed for cutting the Duke of Monmouth off so hastily, and denying to hear what he had to say to him before his death: but this was owing to the advice of the Earl of Sunderland, and others of the King's counsel, who deceived the King in this matter, as they well knew that he would make discoveries, which would defeat the revolution which they were then meditating to effect, by putting the King upon measures to alienate the affections of his people from him. When the Prince of Orange was told by some, who were ignorant of the grand secret between them, that the Earl of Sunderland had turned Roman Catholic, he, without surprise, merrily replied, "Let him turn any thing, rather than turn out."

OF MARGARET OF ANJOU.

IMMEDIATELY after the fatal battle of Hexham, which ended in the defeat of Henry VI. his Son and Queen (the illustrious Margaret of Anjou, of whom the Abbé Provost has given us so entertaining a history) afraid of trusting to any person's fidelity, fled for refuge into woods and deserts, where they suffered all the extremity of distress, till at length they were rifled by robbers, who would, in all probability, have deprived them of their lives as well as of their apparel and effects, had not the thieves quarrelled about the booty, and, attacking one another, afforded an opportunity for the royal prisoners to make their escape. They had not proceeded far when they were met by another ruffian, who approached them with a drawn sword in his hand, and fury in his aspect. On this occasion, Margaret exhibited a remarkable proof of presence of mind and resolution. Taking her son by the hand, and assuming an air of confidence and majesty, "There, friend, said she, save my son, the son of good King Henry." The robber was struck with the dignity and beauty of her person, as well as with the nature of her address. He happened to be one of those who had been outlawed for adhering to the cause of her husband. His savage heart was melted into compassion at the sight of his Queen and Prince in such deplorable distress. He comforted them with assur-

ances of fidelity and protection; and carefully conducted them to a village near the sea side, where they found an opportunity of embarking in a vessel for Flanders.

OF THE LATE MR. RALPH ALLEN.

THE late Mr. Ralph Allen, who has been universally honoured with the epithet of *good*, was originally born to no possession. A fund of good sense, however, showed him the most likely methods of procuring an immense estate; and his conduct proves the ancient adage, that 'every man is the maker of his own fortune.' The cross-posts all over England were of his contrivance: these he farmed from the government, and they turned out highly to his advantage. An estate, he purchased near Bath, was bought with equal prudence: it was found to contain a quarry, from which the stones for building the most beautiful parts of that town were taken. By this estate he gained such considerable sums, that, though he gave numberless benefactions to the indigent or meritorious, he died worth more than an hundred thousand pounds. It is told of this excellent man, that he once courted a young lady, whose father wanted to drive the match, as it was very advantageous. The young lady, however, was pre-engaged to another lover; which, when Mr. Allen knew, he generously portioned out his

mistress from his own fortune, and gave her away himself to his own rival. The honours which so much virtue deserved, were amply recompensed by Mr. Pope, in these fine lines:

*‘ Let modest Allen, with ingenuous shame,
‘ Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.’*

OF SIR GEORGE RODNEY.

DURING Sir George Rodney's late residence in Paris, so great was his indigence, that he frequently knew not where to apply for a dinner. Monsieur de Sartine, no stranger to his professional abilities, thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke de Biron to make him an offer of the command of the French West India fleet, with a sum of money that should restore him to independence. The Duke, in consequence of this invited Sir George to spend a month at his house, and in the course of that time frequently sounded him with great delicacy on the subject; but not being able to make himself properly understood, he at last openly declared to him, "that as his Royal Master meant the West Indies to be the theatre of the present war, he was commissioned to make the handsomest offers to Sir George, if he would quit the English service, and take upon him the command of a French Squadron."

Sir George, after hearing him with great temper, spiritedly made him this answer: "Sir, my distresses, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country; but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service. Had this offer been a voluntary one of your own, I should have deemed it an insult; but I am glad to learn that it proceeds from a quarter that can do no wrong!"

The Duke de Biron was so struck with the public virtue of the old British tar, that he instantly exclaimed—"it is a pity so gallant an officer should be lost to his country. Will a thousand louis-d'ors enable you to revisit it, and tender your services to your Sovereign?" The other replied they would. The Duke immediately advanced him the sum, with which Sir George set out the next day for England, where he had not arrived a week, before he returned the Duke's loan, accompanied with the most grateful letter for the singular obligation he had so politely conferred upon him.

OF MR. QUIN.

MR. QUIN, the celebrated comedian, was a gentleman whose humour has given life to the conversation of thousands who perhaps never had the pleasure of seeing him; and the story that follows does honour to his memory.

Mr. Thomson, a Scotch gentleman, universally

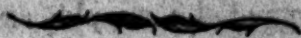
known by his fine poems on the Seasons, on Liberty, &c. when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances; and, before he was distinguished by his writings, was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and upon the publication of his Seasons, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr. Quin, who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen the author; and upon stricter inquiry he was told, that Thomson was in the bailiff's hands at a spunging-house in Holborn; thither Quin went; and being admitted into his chamber; Sir, said he, in his usual tone of voice, you do not know me, I believe, but my name is Quin. Mr. Thomson received him politely, and said, that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit; and very obligingly invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide a supper, which he hoped he would excuse. Mr. Thomson made the proper reply, and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature.

When the supper was over, and the glass had gone round briskly, Mr. Quin then took occasion to explain himself, by saying it was now time to enter upon business. Mr. Thomson declared he

was ready to serve him, as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama.) Sir, says Mr. Quin, you mistake my meaning: I am in your debt; I owe you an hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you. Mr. Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, that as he was a gentleman, whom, to his knowledge he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. No, by G—d said Quin, raising his voice, I'd be d—n'd before I would do that. I say, I owe you an hundred pounds, and there it is (laying a bank note of that value before him.) Mr. Thomson was astonished, and begged he would explain himself. Why, says Quin, I'll tell you.—Soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will, and among the rest of my legatees, I set down the Author of the Seasons an hundred pounds; and this day hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it; when perhaps you might have less need of it; and this, Mr. Thomson, is the business I came about. I need not express Mr. Thomson's grateful acknowledgments, but leave every reader to conceive them.

AN INDIAN ANECDOTE.

MAHMOUD, who conquered Persia and India towards the end of the tenth century, was a Tartar. He is hardly known at present in this Western part of the world, except by the answer of a poor woman, that applied to him in India for justice against a person who had robbed and murdered her son, in the province of Yrac in Persia.—“How would you have me do justice at such a distance?” said the Sultan. “Why then,” replied the mother, “did you conquer when you could not govern us?”



OF THE DUTCHESS OF WIRTEMBERG.

THIS Princess is of all women in Europe, most free from religious prejudices.

The governesses who were intrusted with the education of the Princesses, her daughters, were directed to instruct them in the morality of religion, but never to speak to them upon any of those *speculative* points on which the different sects of Christians are divided.

The reason assigned by her Highness for the adoption of this system of education, was this—That as there were in Germany and other parts of Europe, Princes of different religions; and as her Highness could not foresee by which of them

her daughters might be demanded in marriage, it was not fit or reasonable that merely speculative opinions should stand in the way of their happiness and advancement.

The Dutchess said, that in adopting this mode of education, she consulted the peace of mind of her children. For as it was generally expected that the wife should conform to the religion of her husband (particularly in marriages between sovereign Princes,) so it would be less painful to her daughters to take up a new religion, when they could not be said to sacrifice an old one.

The daughters of the Dutchess have derived no inconsiderable benefits from this plan laid down by their mother.

One of them was demanded in marriage for the Grand Duke of Muscovy, or Russia, son and heir to the late Empress of Russia; to whom she has already born two sons. Her Imperial Highness, immediately after her marriage, made profession of the religion of the Greek church, which is established in Russia. In doing this she did not change her religion, but assumed one for the first time.

Her sister, Princess Elizabeth, was chosen by the present Emperor of Germany, as a fit consort for his nephew the Archduke Francis, son and heir of his brother the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the future head of the house of Austria.

This Princess was sent to Vienna, where she became a Roman Catholic, and was married to the young Archduke, just before the opening of the last

campaign, in which her royal Consort was obliged to take a share a week after her marriage; so that he was forced to tear himself from the arms of his new bride, to encounter the perils and fatigues of war.

Thus the Dutchess of Wirtemberg is likely to be the mother of two Empresses, who will owe their Imperial crowns to the liberal and unprejudiced education derived from the good sense of their provident parent.

Perhaps the greatness of the family of Wertemberg may not stop here. Sultan Selim, son to the last, and nephew to the reigning Emperor of the Turks, is the presumptive heir to the vast dominions of the Turkish empire.

Should this young Prince break through the custom of the seraglio and take a wife; and should he make choice of one at the Court of Studgard, the Dutchess has still an unmarried daughter, who would be an ornament to the empire of the Crescent, or to any other.

The religion of Mahomet could be no objection to the union. The counsels by which the Court of Studgard is governed, are founded in liberality. The crescent is not a less brilliant ornament to a crown than a cross.

OF PETER THE GREAT.

PETER the Great caused many foreign books to be translated into the Russian language, and among others, "Puffendorff's Introduction to the States of Europe." A monk to whom the translation of this book was committed, presented it some time after to the Emperor, who, turning over the leaves, changed countenance at one particular chapter, and turning to the monk with an indignant air: "Fool," said he, "what did I order thee to do? Is this a translation?" Then referring to the original, he shewed him a paragraph, in which the author had spoken with great asperity of the Russians, and which the translator had omitted. "Go instantly," said he, "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my subjects, that I have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

A MOST egregious fop ordered his servant not to suffer any body to intrude upon him, because he was going to *Adonize* himself. A lady called shortly after this injunction, and inquired of the servant for his master. "Madam," said he, "you cannot see my master."—"But I must, I have very particular business with him," returned the lady; "pray why can't I see him?"—"Because," replied the valet, "he is but this moment gone up to *Idolize* himself."

OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE late Doctor Stukely, one day by appointment, paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton. The servant said he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but, as it was near his dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. In a short time a boiled chicken under a cover was brought in for dinner. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor then ate the fowl; and covering up the empty dish, desired the servant to get another dressed for his master. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay; and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and without emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile, "See," he says, "what we studious people are! I forgot that I had dined."

 OF SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

SIR William Wyndham, when a very young man, had been out one day at a stag hunt. In returning from the sport, he found several of the servants at his father's gate, standing round a fortune-teller, who pretended, at least to be deaf and

dumb; and, for a small gratification, wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a bit of chalk, answers to such questions as the men and maids put to him by the same methods.

As Sir William rode by, the conjuror made signs that he was inclinable to tell his fortune, as well as the rest; and, in good humour, he would have complied, but not readily finding a question to ask, the conjuror took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with these words, very legible, 'Beware of a white horse.' Sir William smiled at the absurdity of the man, and thought no more of it for several years. But in 1690, being on his travels in Italy, and accidentally at Venice, as he was one day passing through St. Mark's Place in his calash, he observed a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. He desired his driver to stop, and they found it was occasioned by a mountebank, who also pretended to tell fortunes; conveying his several predictions to the people by means of a long, narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required. Among others, Sir William Wyndham held up a piece of money, upon which the soothsayer immediately directed the tube to his carriage, and said to him very distinctly in Italian, "Signior Inglese, cavetell bianco cavallo;" which in English is; "Mr. Englishman, beware of a white horse." Sir William immediately recollected what had been before told him, and took it for granted that the British fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he

had made his speech; and was curious to know the truth of it. However, upon inquiry, he was assured that the present fellow had never been out of Italy; nor did he understand any language but his mother tongue. Sir William was surprised, and mentioned so whimsical a circumstance to several people. But in a short time this also went out of his head, like the former prediction of the same kind. We need inform few of our readers of the share which Sir William Wyndham had in the transactions of government, during the last four years of Queen Anne; in which a design to restore the son of James II. to that throne, which his father had so justly forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and on king George's arrival, punished, by forcing into banishment, or putting to prison, all the persons suspected to have entered into the combination; among the latter of these was Sir William Wyndham, who, in the year 1715, was committed prisoner to the Tower. Over the inner-gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was now some alterations to be made in consequence of the succession of the House of Brunswick; and just as Sir William's chariot was passing through to carry him to prison, the painter was at work, adding the white horse, the arms of the Elector of Hanover.

It struck Sir William forcibly: he immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the Lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who

came to see him in his confinement; and though not superstitious, he always spoke of it as a prophecy fully accomplished. But here he was mistaken (if there was any thing prophetic in it) for, many years after being out a hunting, he had the misfortune of being thrown from his saddle in leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse,

OF THE FAMOUS EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE general character of this Nobleman, who is equally celebrated for his bravery and his parts, is well known. He wrote those exquisitely neat and elegant lines in Pope's and Swift's Miscellany, beginning with, "I said to my heart between sleeping and waking."—Four Letters in Pope's collection, and a few other things of small account, mentioned in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who knew him very well, used to relate the following singular anecdote of him, which she had from his own mouth.

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-Cross, and entreated him to get it for her,

The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the house. The mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose; and upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house, to avoid suspicion; but forebore saying any thing of the bird, till about two years after, when taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman, "I would have bought that bird of you, and you refused my money for it; I dare say you are by this time sorrow for it." "Indeed, Sir," answered the woman, "I am not; nor would I take any sum for him; for, would you believe it? from the time that our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note!"

OF SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

THE famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a captain of the marines, was quartered at a village where he buried a pretty many of his men; at length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of their interment any more, unless he was paid

for it; which being told captain Rooke, he ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the soldier then dead, and lay him upon the parson's hall table. This so embarrassed the priest, that he sent the captain word, "*if he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing.*"

OF SANTEUIL.

SANTEUIL, a celebrated writer of Latin hymns, in France, during the last century, having once a confessional dress on, a lady who took him for a confessor, fell upon her knees, and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself. The penitent thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession; and, when she found the confessor quite silent, she then asked him for absolution. "What! do you take me for a priest?" said Santeuil,— "Why, then," said the lady, quite alarmed, "did you listen to me?"—"And why," replied Santeuil, "did you speak to me?"—"I'll this instant go and complain to your prior," said the enraged female. "And I," said the poet, "will go to your husband, and give him a full account of your conduct."

AN EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINAL ANECDOTE.

THE Father of Chancellor Aligre, in France, was a man of such a cold and phlegmatic habit, that all means employed to purge him had long proved ineffectual. His physician, however, judging a purge necessary, called his servant aside, and gave him the dose, desiring him at the same time to endeavour to put his master in a passion, and then to make him swallow the potion. The servant went into the doctor's scheme, and next morning early entered his master's chamber with precipitation, opened the curtains in a noisy manner, and waked him out of a calm and gentle sleep. M. Aligre, rubbing his eyes, beheld his servant without the least emotion, and only asked him, what it was o'clock? About an hour after, the servant having once missed his aim, resolved to make a second trial; whilst he was warming his master's shirt, he let it fall into the fire, and brought it half burnt to M. Aligre, who, with a serene countenance, desired him to warm another. The servant beginning to think that he must do something yet more provoking, in order to gain his point, threw down and broke in pieces, six curious Venice glasses, of which his master was peculiarly fond, "It is indeed a pity," said M. Aligre, with the most unruffled calmness of voice and mind, "for they were really very handsome." After this, the servant despaired of accomplishing his purpose, when a client came

in, who had an affair of consequence which required much thought, to lay before M. Aligre. This client, who was lively and full of motion, had on a coat of taffeta, which made a rustling disagreeable kind of a noise, as often as he changed his gestures, and disturbing the attention of M. Aligre, put him so far out of humour, as to make him say in an angry tone, "Pray, Sir, oblige your coat to keep silence, if you have a mind that I should hear you." The servant seized this lucky moment to administer the dose, and it produced its effect.

OF ANAXAGORAS.

ANAXAGORAS was the tutor of the famous Pericles, to whom, in the administration of public affairs, he had been of the utmost service; and soon finding himself neglected in his old age by Pericles, he wrapped his cloak about his head, and threw himself on the ground, in the fixed resolution to starve himself. Pericles hearing of this accidentally, ran with the utmost haste to the philosopher's house. He conjured him in the strongest and most moving terms, not to throw his life away, adding, that it was not Anaxagoras, but himself that was to be lamented, if he was so unfortunate as to lose so wise and faithful a friend; one who was capable of giving himself wholesome counsels, with regard to the pressing occasion of the state. Anaxagoras

then, uncovering a little his head, spoke to him thus, "Pericles, those who use a lamp take care to feed it with oil." This was a gentle, and at the same time, a strong and piercing reproach. Pericles ought to have supplied his wants unasked. Many lamps are extinguished in this manner in a country, by the criminal negligence of those who ought to supply them.

OF THE UNFORTUNATE CHATTERTON.

THE late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius.—Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied—"My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution—I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined—we can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that!" His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection: but what will not melancholy and adversity combined, subjugate? In three days after the neglected and disconsolate youth put an end to his miseries by poison.

OF JOSEPH II. EMPEROR OF GERMANY, WHILE HE WAS IN PARIS, UPON A VISIT TO HIS SISTER, THE LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

RELATED BY CHEVALIER COUDRAY.

THE present Emperor of Germany, during his residence in Paris, A. D. 1777, visited many persons of both sexes; and he never favoured any one with this honour, who did not experience his bounty. Nor was he more liberal of his presents, than of the most flattering expressions, and most encouraging compliments. He often said, to those who were at pains to shew their respect to him, "Be covered; you constrain me; put on your hat, otherwise I shall take off mine. Go not to the door with me; your time is precious. No compliment; tell me the truth, I seek to know it. Speak to me with freedom; I love it. Disguise nothing; I wish to be informed."

II. The Emperor, as on most other occasions, went *incog.* to see the menagerie at Versailles, accompanied by one person. The keeper told him politely, that it was not customary to shew it until a sufficient number of spectators were assembled. He waited with patience, and entertained himself with walking among the trees. The company assemble by degrees; the gates are opened; and the Emperor enters with the crowd. The keeper, at length, told the company, "Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I entreat you to make haste; we expect the Emperor; and it will be necessary that every body go out whenever he arrives." The illustrious traveller made no reply, but continued to satisfy his curiosity. As he went out he ordered his conductor to give ten louis' to the keeper of the menagerie.

III. The following is an anecdote of his gaiety. He had gone to see the college of the four nations, which still borrows its name from Mazarin. Meeting with a schoolboy, he caressed him, asked him in what class he studied, and who he was. "Sir," replied the boy, "I am Emperor."—"Very well," said his Majesty, "give me your hand." He accompanied this pleasantry with a pension of twelve hundred livres, which were to be augmented in proportion as the young scholar advanced in his studies.

IV. It is related, that going to the coffee-house of the Regency, near the Royal Palace, in order to amuse himself with the game of chess, for which that coffee-house has been long famous, he was surprised at finding nobody to play with him, and asked the reason: "Why," said the landlady, "it is the Emperor, who is just going to the Royal Palace. This misfortune has happened to me frequently. I shall not be able to sell any thing this morning. All Paris must see the Emperor; but it is surely natural to esteem those who do

"much good." Three or four persons came in; but all refuse to play, on account of the Emperor, who was expected. He himself continues alone in the coffee-room, converses with the landlady; and, among other questions, asks her whether she had herself seen the Emperor. She replied, that her situation of life had as yet deprived her of that advantage; but that she hoped so to contrive matters, as to escape one morning to see him at his hotel; because she knew that he was easy of access to persons of all conditions. The Emperor said nothing in return, for this civility, but putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a louis d'or of the present reign, and added, as he gave it her, "There is Lewis the Sixteenth; and here is the Emperor."

V. The Emperor once laid aside his *incog.* which, in general, he so carefully observed. While the queen was at play, he stood behind the chair of Madam A' Delaide, and had his hands placed on it, when that princess said to him, with a gracious smile, "Sir, you begin to forget your *incog.*" He replied, with vivacity, "One easily forgets it, Madam, when near to you."

VI. This illustrious traveller had heard of the wonderful talents of the Abbé L'Epee, who teaches people, born deaf, to speak, and to communicate their ideas to others. Accordingly he went to his house, in order to convince himself of the reports

which he had heard, and which he supposed might be exaggerated. He conversed with him a long time, and asked several pertinent questions concerning his singular profession. Being fully satisfied by his answers, he inquired whether there were no persons to whom he could communicate a secret so necessary and useful to humanity. The Abbé replied, that he had addressed himself to government, for obtaining two persons, properly qualified, in order to be instructed by him; but that his demand had not been attended to. The Emperor assured him, that he would seek out two intelligent persons at Vienna, who should be placed under the Abbé's direction; and after they were made acquainted with his wonderful art, should be then employed in the assistance of humanity. He then took leave, not permitting the Abbé to accompany him, adding these memorable words:—"Your time, Sir, is too precious to be wasted in vain ceremony: you owe an account of it to God." As he went out, he left on a desk two slips of paper, filled with twenty-five louis' each, for the benefit of the indigent people whom the humane and virtuous Abbé keeps in his house. Next day, he sent him, by his master of horse, a gold snuff-box, with his picture.

VII. The Emperor's generosity, while in France, was not confined to men of distinguished merit, whom it is an honour to oblige. His purse was always open, whenever he met with a proper,

though obscure, object of charity. Going one morning into an elegant coffee-house, he asked for a dish of chocolate. He was simply dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, under pretence that it was too early. He walked out without saying a word, and went into a small coffee-house, nicknamed the One-eyed. He asked for a dish of chocolate, and the landlord answered him politely, that it would be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the daughter of the house, a very pretty girl, came down stairs. The Emperor wished her a good day, the ordinary salutation in France, and said to her father, that it was time for her to be married. "Alas!" replied the old man, "if I had a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a handsome man, who is fond of her;—but the chocolate is ready." The Emperor having drank and paid, asked for pen, ink, and paper. The girl runs to fetch them, having no idea how they were to be employed. *The Emperor gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres.*

VIII. A similar adventure is related to have happened at Vienna, where the Emperor walks about on foot, and mixes with the crowd, in the same manner that he did at Paris. A child of nine years of age addressed him thus: "Sir, I have never begged; but my mother is dying; I must have twenty-pence to get a physician. We have

“not twenty-pence; oh! if your Majesty would
 “give us twenty-pence, how happy should we be.”
 The Emperor gave it, and asked the name and
 place of abode of the sick person. As soon as the
 boy was gone, the Emperor put on a cloak belong-
 ing to one of his attendants, went to the poor
 woman’s house, prescribed for her, and retired.
 The child comes in a minute after, with his twenty-
 pence and his doctor. The woman, surprised, said
 she had already had a visit, and shewed the recipe.
 The doctor looks at it, and sees a note, with the
 signature of his Imperial Majesty, for a pension to
 her of fifty ducats.

IX. With such manners, and so much goodness
 of heart, it is not surprising that the Emperor
 should be adored in his dominions, and that all
 ranks of people should shew uncommon eagerness
 and curiosity to see and know him. In his journey
 to France, he stopped at a village situated near a
 forest. While dinner was getting ready, he walked
 out, with a single gentleman, to see the neighbour-
 hood of the place, which was said to be curious.
 Travelling too far into the wood, they lost their
 way, and were wandering in search of it, when
 they perceived a long avenue, which led to a castle.
 They resolved to follow it; and being arrived at the
 house, asked for the landlord. The servants told
 them he was from home, but shewed them into
 the hall, that they might rest themselves, while
 they acquainted the landlady. After common

compliments, she made dinner be served up, and begged they would permit her to leave them a little, in order to see the Emperor. They answered, that as they belonged to his Imperial Majesty's suite, they were sure he would not pass so soon. "You give me your word for it gentlemen, otherwise I should go and join my husband."

During the time of dinner, they spoke on different subjects, and a great deal of the Emperor. The lady extolled his talents and virtues, the eminent qualities of his heart and understanding. "In a word," said she, "he is an accomplished model of a perfect prince, and I die of curiosity to see him. You have assured me, gentlemen, he will not pass for two hours." They answered again, "That they were sure of it."

At length it was necessary for them to be gone, and to unravel the plot. The Emperor took up the discourse, and said, "Madam, you are very desirous to see the Emperor." Oh! yes, Sir, he is so good a prince." "I can in some measure satisfy your curiosity:—here is a golden snuff-box with his picture." The lady accepts it, and sees the portrait of the illustrious stranger, whom she has within her house. Tears of joy and satisfaction run down her cheeks.—A mute panegyric,—but, on that account, the more flattering to the susceptible heart of the Emperor.

X. The Emperor is justly called the Titus of Germany. That worthy Roman lamented having

lost a day; and I am told, by unquestionable authority, that Joseph II. allows no day to pass at Vienna, which is not distinguished by some act of bounty or humanity.

An old Austrian officer, who had but a small pension that was insufficient for the demands of his family, came to wait on the Emperor, explained his indigent condition, and entreated his compassion, adding "that he had ten children alive." The Emperor desirous to know the certainty of this affair, went to the officer's house in disguise; and instead of ten, found eleven children. "Why eleven?" "It is a poor orphan," replied the soldier, "that I took into my house from motives of charity." The Prince immediately ordered an hundred florins to be given to each of his children.

XI. At the house of Mr. Le Moine, one of the best statuarys in Europe, he saw a bust of the Countess of Barry. He asked whether it was like her, and not too flattering? He saw likewise another bust, and asked whose it was. Le Moine replied, that it was the bust of Helvetius. "I am very sorry" said the Emperor, "that he is dead; I should have been happy to have seen, and to have conversed with him."

OF THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

A Catholic Priest was prosecuted in the court of King's Bench for having said mass. Many witnesses appeared against him. Lord Mansfield, who presided then in that court, said to the informer, the principal witness, "You are sure that this man is a popish priest, and that he said mass?"—The man answered, "Yes." The judge replied, "You know then what a mass is?"—The witness was confused and silent. Lord Mansfield, then addressing the jury, said, "To find this man guilty, you must have full proof that he said mass; and it must be proved to you, that it was the mass which this man said, when the witnesses saw him performing acts, which they took to be the mass. You must judge for yourselves, whether your conscience is entirely satisfied on this point." The jury asked the witnesses, and asked each other, what were the ceremonies which constituted a mass; and not being able to obtain a satisfactory answer, they acquitted the prisoner.

What a happiness to meet with so wise a judge! But it is an unfortunate circumstance, when a judge is obliged to be wiser and more humane than the law.

II. The following anecdote is more interesting still; for in exhibiting a new proof of the wisdom and superior intelligence of Lord Mansfield, it

throws some light on the spirit of the multitude in general, and particularly on the character of the English people, when even in their passions they are spoken to in the name of the law.

This great magistrate being in one of the counties, on the circuit, a poor woman was indicted for witchcraft. The inhabitants of the place were exasperated against her. Some witnesses deposed that they had seen her walk in the air, with her feet upwards and her head downwards. Lord Mansfield heard the evidence with great tranquillity, and perceiving the temper of the people, whom it would not have been prudent to irritate, he thus addressed them: "I do not doubt that this woman
 " has walked in the air, with her feet upwards,
 " since you have all seen it; but she has the honour
 " to be born in England, as well as you and I, and,
 " consequently, cannot be judged but by the laws
 " of the country, nor punished but in proportion as
 " she has violated them. Now I know not one law
 " that forbids walking in the air with the feet
 " upwards. We have all a right to do it with
 " impunity. I see no reason, therefore, for this
 " prosecution; and this poor woman may return
 " home when she pleases." This speech had its proper effect. It appeased the auditory, and the woman retired from the court without molestation.

OF HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, A. D. 1787.

THE ignorance of those whose situation required them to be otherwise, shocked Henry greatly. He rallied them with keenness, and no less spared those who affected ill placed knowledge. He did not approve that the Cardinal de Bourbon, of whose theological knowledge he had no high opinion, should assist at the assembly of the bishops, appointed to instruct: "Cousin," said he to him, "if this
 "business was to be determined between us two,
 "although I am no great divine, and you are a
 "Cardinal, I should not be afraid to enter the lists
 "with you, and perhaps the victory would at least
 "remain doubtful. But let us leave it to these
 "gentlemen, who know more of the matter than
 "either you or I."

II. One of Henry's taylor, all on a sudden, turned lawyer, and being advised to present the King with a book filled with regulations and schemes which, he pretended, were necessary for the good of the nation, Henry took it, and having read a few pages, which fully disclosed the folly of its author: "Friend," says he to one of his valets, "go and bring hither my chancellor, to take measure of me for a suit of clothes, since here is my
 "taylor wanting to make laws."

III. But he disguised his reproaches with a kind indulgence, and even corrected by a delicate method of praising, with regard to those who had, in other respects, good sense and useful talents. He would, laughing, say sometimes, "With my constable, who knows not how to write, and my chancellor, who does not understand Latin, there is nothing that I am not able to undertake."

IV. Henry read with pleasure every thing that was published concerning his operations; for under his reign, every one enjoyed free liberty of speaking, writing, and printing; and Truth, which he sought after every where, came in her turn, even to the throne to seek him. The greatest compliment which can be paid to kings, is to believe them worthy to attend to her voice. Unhappy must that reign be, where the history of it is obliged to conceal its author. L' Etoile relates, that Henry having read the book called the *Anti-Soldier*, asked his secretary of state, Villeroy, if he had seen this work, and upon his replying in the negative: "It is right you should see it," said he, "for it is a book which takes me finely to task; but is still more severe on you."

V. He was desirous to punish an author who had written some free satires on the court: "It would be against my conscience," said this good prince, "to trouble an honest man for having told the truth."

VI. Henry sometimes took the liberty of laughing at pedants; he hated cold and prolix preachers, and did not love triflers. One day, seeing a bad poet pass by in a coach and fix, on his return from Savoy, where he had made a fortune; "Never," said he smiling, "would this man have got such a fine equipage in France, as that which draws him."

VII. A poet once presented himself to the King, with a confidence which exceeded his poetical talents; but the King, not knowing either his person or his writings, asked him what was the nature of his occupation? "Sire, I make anagrams, but I am very poor." "I believe so indeed," said Henry, "for you have made choice of a bad trade."

VIII. The evening before the battle of Ivry, Henry wrote to the fair Gabrielle, "If I am conquered, you know me well enough to believe I shall not fly; but my last thought shall be of heaven, and the last but one shall be of you."

IX. In times of greater tranquillity he wrote her this charming billet: "I write you, my best love, from the foot of your picture, which I adore merely because it was drawn for you, not that it resembles you; of this I must be a competent judge, having painted you in all perfection in my soul, in my mind, in my eyes, and in my heart."

X. In another letter he thus expresses himself:
 “ My beauteous love, two hours after the arrival
 “ of this courier, you will see a cavalier who loves
 “ you much. They call him King of France and
 “ Navarre, which are certainly honourable, though
 “ very painful titles. That of being your subject
 “ is infinitely more delightful. All three together
 “ are good; and let what will happen, I have re-
 “ solved never to yield them to any one.”

XI. Henry made a noble distinction from the usual history of kings. The honestest man in the kingdom was his best friend. But the severity of Sully gained him many enemies; for a good minister will always be opposed by bad men. They were continually forming plots against him. Sully sometimes complained of it to the King: “ My
 “ friend,” said the Prince in answer, “ this is a
 “ matter which I will not say often happens, but
 “ is always the case, that those who conduct great
 “ affairs, must be subject to envy. You yourself
 “ know that I am not exempt from it, neither
 “ from the Protestants, nor Roman Catholics.
 “ You have only to do as I do, who apply to you
 “ for advice when any thing troubles me, let it
 “ be ever so trifling; and do you always consult
 “ my opinion in whatever happens to you, regard-
 “ ing me as the most faithful friend you have, and
 “ the kindest master that can be.”

XII. Before the battle of Ivry he thus addressed

his soldiers: "You are Frenchmen,—I am your King,—there is the enemy." Then taking off his helmet, which was ornamented with a plume of white feathers, "My children," said he, "keep your ranks properly. If the standard should be lost, here is the signal for rallying. Follow me; you shall always find me in the road to honour and victory." What must those soldiers be who would not be led on by such expressions?

XIII. What could be finer than the eulogium he made on Armand de Biron to his ambassadors? "Gentlemen, this is the mareschal de Biron, whom I present equally to my friends and enemies."

XIV. What could do greater honour to all his brave soldiers, than the reply he made to the Spanish ambassador. Being surrounded and pressed upon by his officers at court, the proud Spaniard was shocked with so much familiarity. "You see nothing here," said the King: "They press upon me much more in the day of battle."

XV. Obligated from his youth to live in the midst of his enemies, no prince ever studied more the knowledge of mankind than Henry IV. He was in that situation which made it necessary to observe; for he was in a state of adversity. Accustomed to converse with them, he had acquired so quick a preception, that he pretended he could

guess by their eyes what passed in their hearts. In consequence of which he generally knew how to make a good choice; for he even gained the affections of several of the opposite party, whom he very prudently employed. "A wise King," said he, "is like a good chemist, who from the most dangerous poisons can extract excellent medicines."

XVI. As the idea of injuring any one never came into his mind, he was never suspicious. He liked to steal away from his court, to wander about in the fields, and to ask questions of the honest good people, who were astonished to see the King under their thatched roofs. When his friends, who were alarmed for him, remonstrated to him, that, in the midst of conspirators, and whilst the leaven of the league still continued to ferment, he ought to take more care of his person, and not go out so frequently alone, or at least so ill attended. "Fear," said he, "ought never to have entrance into a royal mind. Those who fear death, will never attempt my life; and those who despise life, will always be masters of mine, notwithstanding a thousand guards were to try to prevent them. None but tyrants ought to live in constant fear."

XVII. He would have no courtiers that were not brave, nor any other favourites than his people in general. When he wrote to the governors of

different provinces, he generally concluded with these words: "Take care of my people; they are my children whom God has committed to my care: I am responsible for them."

XVIII. This amiable Prince wished to hold his empire from affection, not force. Firm, when the public good required it, he never was intoxicated with that absolute power which charms so many weak princes, and those who only are possessed of moderate genius. Some court-flatterers, on a particular occasion, once entreated him to make use of his authority. He made them this answer, worthy to be engraved on all king's palaces: "The first duty of a sovereign is to consider of every thing; and to remember he has himself two sovereigns, God and the law."

XIX. Many years after the peace, he was told there were some fanatics, the remaining dregs of the League, who continued to declaim against him; and that they even refused to pray for him in their public prayers; "They must be attended to," said he, "for they are still angry."

XX. Born without gall, hatred and vengeance were a load which Henry's heart could not sustain. A maxim he frequently had in his mouth was this, "That the satisfaction derived from revenge, was only momentary, but that which is to be gained from clemency, lasts for ever."

XXI. They mentioned to him a nobleman, one of the principal Leaguers, whose virtues had not been able to disarm him of his hatred towards him. "I wish," said Henry, "to do him so many services, as to force him to love me."

XXII. Henry did not think it necessary that the dignity of the crown should extinguish in him the sentiments of Nature. He was guided by her, and was never better pleased than when he could yield himself up to her soft impressions. At the tables of his friends, whom he loved to surprise, he used to give himself up to all the natural gaiety of his temper. He disrobed himself of majesty; and condescended to become the agreeable companion. "A charming familiarity, a frankness, and pleasant way of joking, together with his *bons mots*," says an ingenious cotemporary, "made up the best part of their repasts."

XXIII. He would have his children call him *Papa* or *Father*, and not *Sir*, which was the new fashion introduced by Catherine de Medicis. He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day that this Restorer of France, and Peacemaker of all Europe, was going on all-fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador suddenly entered the apartment, and surprised him in this attitude. The Monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "*Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*." "have you any children?"—"Yes, Sire," replied he.—"Very well, then; I shall finish my race round my chamber."

XXIV. This Prince sometimes amused himself with composing verses. Who can help admiring that charming impromptu which he made on the Countess of Cleves, his aunt. Coming one day into her apartment, he found her tablets open, on which De Noailles, who was in love with that Princess, had written these words:—

"Nul heur nul bien ne me contente

"Absent de ma divinité."

Henry added these lines to them:

"N'appellez pas ainsi ma tante

"Elle aime trop l'humanité."

XXV. But one of the best pieces attributed to Henry, and the least known of them, is as follows. It is still to be seen in the original hand-writing of this Prince:—

"Viens Aurore

"Je t'implore

"Je suis gai quand je te vois,

"Et la Bergere

"Qui m'est chère,

"Et vermeille comme toi.

II.

"Elle est blonde

"Sans seconde,

"Elle a la taille à la main,

"Sa perruque

"Etincelle,

"Comme l'astre du matin.

III.

" De rosee
 " Arrosee,
 " La rose a moins de fraicheur;
 " Une hermine
 " Est moin fine,
 " Le lys a moins de blancheur,

IV.

" D'ambrosie
 " Bien choisie
 " Hébé la nourit apart;
 " Et sa bouche,
 " Quand j'y touche,
 " Me parfume de nectar."

OF M. LAVATER.

THIS gentleman having asserted, in the second part of his Treatise on Physiognomy, that shoemakers have generally a sickly appearance and weak constitutions, and that at Zurich, of twenty-four children born of parents exercising that profession, seven only were boys, all the *craft* of that place rose up against him, about six years ago, in a riotous manner. M. Lavater, finding it necessary to quell the tumult as amicably as possible, declared publicly that he had been mistaken, for that the just proportion was twenty-eight males to thirty of the other sex. He begged, however, that the shoemakers would permit him to stand god-father to all the males; and they cheerfully accepted his offer.

OF THE LATE DUTCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

MR. Gray, the elegant author of the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, being in London, before his promotion to modern History in the University of Cambridge, and when his circumstances were so cramped that he could indulge himself in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private sale of books, in which the lots were very large. Amongst the rest there was a very elegant book-case, filled with an excellently chosen collection of the best editions of the French classics, handsomely bound, the price one hundred guineas. Mr. Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could not afford to buy it. The conversation between him and his friend was overheard by the Dutchess of Northumberland, who, knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to ask who his friend was. She was told it was the celebrated Gray. Upon their retiring, she bought the book-case and its contents, and sent it to Gray's lodgings, with a note, importing that she was ashamed of sending so small an acknowledgment for the infinite pleasure she had received in reading the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*—of all others her favourite poem.

OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

RELATED BY COUNT ALGAROTTI.

COURAGE and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this Monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, and intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapt too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or to take the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin.

The Queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, "I thank you, madam, I am not hungry."

They thought that he had been taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer, who attended at table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, as he knew he intended no injury.

II. At another time, when he had the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one

day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman, who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the Prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. "A blow," replied Charles, "I don't remember any thing of it. I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow which brought him to the ground."

III. Charles, who sometimes traversed the greatest part of his kingdom without any attendants, in one of his rapid courses, once underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off.

Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without farther ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housings with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprized of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable,

Upon asking the King, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, "I took the horse "because I wanted one; for you see," continued he, "If I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the "saddle myself."

This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the King was not much behind hand with him; and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural, to see arms in the hands of a subject against his King.

Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they, at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the King, who, taking him by the hand, said, "Thou art a brave fellow! and I will take care thou "shalt be provided for."

This promise was afterwards fulfilled; for the King made him a captain.

IV. A certain particular, in the anecdotes of Charles's life, is worthy to be known, which is, that he sometimes recommended to the chaplains of his army, in the sermons which, among the Lutherans, are preached to the soldiers, to take the following text:

"Manete in vocatione in qua vocati estis."

OF KING WILLIAM.

KING William having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, was told that his Lordship was quarrelsome in his cups. He laughed and said, he would defy any man to quarrel with him, as long as he could make the bottle go round.—What was foretold, however, happened; and Lord Pembroke was carried from the room and put to bed. When told next morning what he had done, he hastened to the palace, and threw himself upon his knee. “No apologies,” said the King; “I was told you had no fault in the world but one, and I am glad to find it is true; for I do not like your faultless people.” Then taking him by the hand, he added, “make not yourself uneasy, these accidents, over a bottle, are nothing among friends.”

OF THE LATE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

WHEN the Duke of Rutland was a boy at Eton College, a dispute arose between the head-master and the boys, on account of some severity practised by the former, and was carried to such a height, that a greater part of the latter had seceded—quitted the college, and took their post at the well known inn then belonging to Mr. March, at Maidenhead bridge. The discipline of the school was

now at an end; and the masters had no better means of bringing back the run-aways than by sending exprests to the parents of the ringleaders, in order that they might employ their authority to reduce them to obedience. The late noble Marquis of Granby was applied to among the rest, and he immediately dispatched his own gentleman with a severe reproof to his son, and a peremptory order to return to college. The young Lord disdained all obedience, and the paternal minister did not spare paternal threats, which he concluded by assuring him, "that if he did not immediately go back to school, the Marquis would come down himself, and force him thither." "If that is my father's determination," replied his Lordship,—“he would do well to bring his regiment of blues along with him.”—The general disturbance was soon composed; and though Lord Granby pretended to be very angry with his son, he always related this account of his boy's spirit with great glee to himself,



OF ALFRED, KING OF BRITAIN.

WHEN the illustrious Alfred, king of Britain, was repulsed by an army superior to his own, he was obliged to submit to the wretched necessity of the times. Accordingly he assumed a disguise the most likely to conceal himself; and after having properly disposed of his family, and settled a method

of communication with some trusty friends, he engaged himself in the service of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdsman was ignorant of the rank of her royal guest, and seeing him one day busy by the fire-side in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes that were baking at the fire, while she was employed in other domestic affairs: but Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, forgot the cakes; and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the king very severely, telling him, that he was always willing enough to eat her hot-cakes, though he was negligent in turning them. The patient prince entreated her pardon, and promised to be more careful for the future.

OF JUDGE JEFFERYS.

AT a contested election for a member to serve in Parliament for the town of Arundel, in Suffex, Government strenuously interfered, and that so openly, as to send Sir George Jefferys, then Lord Chancellor, with instructions to use every method to procure the return of the Court Candidate. On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himself on the hustings, close by the Returning Officer, the Mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from business, with an ample fortune and fair character. This Officer well

knew the Chancellor, but for prudential reasons acted as if he was a stranger both to his person and rank. In the course of the poll, that Magistrate, who scrutinized every man before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the Court party; at which Jefferys rising in a heat, after several indecent reflections declared the man should poll; adding, "I am the Lord Chancellor of this realm." The Mayor, regarding him with a look of the highest contempt, replied, 'Your ungentleman-like behaviour convinces me it is impossible you should be the person you pretend; were you the Chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preside:' then turning to the Crier, 'Officer!' said he; 'turn that fellow out of the court.' His commands were obeyed without hesitation; the Chancellor retired to his inn, in great confusion; and the election terminated in favour of the popular candidate. In the evening, the Mayor, to his great surprise, received a message from Jefferys, desiring the favour of his company at the inn; which he declining, the Chancellor came to his house, and, being introduced to him, made the following compliment: "Sir, notwithstanding we are in different interests, I cannot help revering one who so well knows, and dares so nobly execute, the law; and though I myself was somewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned are independent; but you may have some relation who is not so well provided for: if you have, let me have the pleasure of presenting him with a considerable

place in my gift, just now vacant." Such an offer, and so handsomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgments of the party to whom it was made: he, having a nephew in no affluent circumstances, named him to the Chancellor, who immediately signed the necessary instrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.



OF THE LATE DUKE OF ———

THE Duke of ———, going one morning to call on Mr. G——, his lawyer, who had chambers in the Temple, found him under the hands of his barber. Throwing himself, therefore, into a chair, he took up a pamphlet, which lay on the table before him, and amused himself with skimming the pages of it till Hone had finished his operation upon Mr. G——'s face. The Duke, then, having laid down the pamphlet, and stroked his chin, started up and said to Hone, "Come, friend, get your things ready to shave me." He, accordingly obeyed the Duke with alacrity (being no stranger to his Grace's person) and shaved him to his satisfaction. The Duke, then having wiped his face, and replaced his wig before the glass, put his hand into his pocket; but drawing it out again hastily, expressed no small uneasiness because he had no money to pay for the removal of his beard.

“ O, and please your Grace,” said Hone, simpering, “ it is no matter, your Grace is very welcome.”
 “ Yes, but it is though,” replied the Duke, “ I hate to be in debt—therefore come—sit down in that chair, and I will shave you, and then we shall be even,” (winking at the same time to Mr. G——.)
 Hone looked rather foolish, and made some awkward speeches; but they were of no service to him. The Duke was peremptory, so down he sat.

The Duke went to work with much mock solemnity; and having sacrificed the poor fellow's face in such a manner as to make him a frightful figure, cried, “ There, friend, now I am out of debt,” and ran down stairs laughing ready to burst his sides. However, not being an ill-natured, though a very whimsical man, he clapped a piece of money into Hone's hand before he left the room, which would, he imagined, make sufficient amends for any disquietude he might feel from the temporary demolition of his beauty. Hone was fair and broad-visaged, and made a comely appearance; but he was a coxcomb: the Duke, therefore, was probably urged by a desire to mortify his vanity a little, by playing of a stroke of waggery peculiar to himself.

OF A QUACK DOCTOR.

A QUACK DOCTOR, who died possessed of some thousand pounds, at P——y M——l, in

Monmouthshire, a few years since, was one of the most innocent offenders in physic, and imposers on mankind, that ever practised the art of healing.

The reputation of this man's skill was such, that from every part of Wales, and many parts of England, he was visited by his patients: for, like the Mountain-Doctors in Switzerland, he never stirred from home! Directly opposite to the Doctor's habitation was a tolerable Welch inn, where the patient's put up, and as the Doctor seldom was at leisure to be consulted till the day after their arrival, the host and hostess (arch people enough, and interested too in the Doctor's success) were pretty well acquainted with the disorder of the patients, and from what cause they arose: if, for instance, a good woman had *fallen down stairs*, the Doctor at first view knew she had been *hurt by a fall*; and as people are always willing to give a full and particular account of what *ails* them, and all *how and about it*, the Doctor was seldom at a loss to *guess at their disorder*, and never at any to administer the remedy.

Many of his patients made long journies: and no doubt but exercise, change of air, and the confident assurances of a perfect cure, often had good effects: but as we are all *mortal*, (as the old woman said, when a parcel of rogues were passing by her to the gallows,) the Doctor, himself, in the prime of life, and height of practice, was taken ill, and died in a few days; and though the writer of this had never taken any of his physic, he had often admired the neatness of his shop; all the drawers (for it was a

bottleless shop) were nicely painted, and the medicinal contents announced in alphabetical order. After his death, he had the curiosity to visit this magazine of *animal magnetism*, where to his great surprise, and much to the honour of the departed *Æsculapius*, he found only two drawers that were *openable*, one of which contained a large quantity of cream of tartar; the other, then empty, was his money drawer; and it appeared that all his patients were furnished from the same single drawer; and that all his fortune had passed through the other. This man was, however, too good to do any harm. Cream of tartar could hurt none.



OF BISHOP HOUGH.

DOCTOR Hough, some time since Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many good qualities, having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his Lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass, which the Bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who, in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged by the accident.

‘Be under no concern, my dear Sir,’ says the Bishop, smiling, ‘I think it is rather a lucky omen;

we have hitherto had a dry season; and I hope we shall have some rain, for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low."



OF A YOUNG PRINCE.

IN the reign of Charles II. an Italian Envoy informed his Majesty, that a young Prince in Italy, having married beneath himself, had retired into England, and that his friends requested he might be searched for, and sent back as soon as possible.

The Prince hearing of it, made himself known to the King, acquainting him that he lived twenty-five miles from town, in a country retreat, with his beloved Jacintha; and, if his Majesty would afford him his protection, he should be happier there than in the possession of a crown.

The King put a stop to any farther searches of the Envoy, and the enamoured Prince lived unknown with his Jacintha till their deaths, which happened within six months of one another.



OF MR. STERNE.

MR. Sterne being in company with three or four clergymen, was relating a circumstance which happened to him at York.

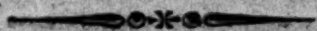
After preaching at the cathedral, an old woman, whom he observed sitting on the pulpit stairs, stopt him as he came down, and begged to know where she should have the honour of hearing him preach the next Sunday. Mr. Sterne having mentioned the place where he was to exhibit, found her situated in the same manner on that day; when she put the same question to him as before.

The following Sunday he was to preach four miles out of York, which he told her; and to his great surprise, found her there too; and, that the same question was put to him as he descended from the pulpit. On which, adds he, I took for my text these words, expecting to find my old woman as before:—"I will grant the request of this poor widow; lest by her often coming, she weary me." One of the company immediately replied, "Why, Sterne, you omitted the most applicable part of the passage, which is, "Though I neither fear God nor regard man." This unexpected retort silenced the wit for the whole evening.

OF THE DUTCHESS OF KINGSTON.

THIS Lady was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity: being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow street, she leans with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow,

"How dare you, Sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street?"—"Woman of quality!" (replied the man.)—"Yes, fellow, (rejoined her Grace) don't you see *my arms upon my carriage?*"—"Yes, I do indeed, (he answered) and a pair of d—d coarse arms they are."



OF A GASCON.

A GASCON, who had been for some years in the service of Lewis XIV. obtained from the King a gratification of 1500 livres. He went immediately to be paid by M. Colbert; who, just at his coming, had sat down to dinner. Notwithstanding, he passed boldly into the dining-room, and asked who was Colbert?" I am the person (said M. Colbert,) what would you be pleased to have?" "A trifle scarce worth mentioning," said the other; "a small order of the King, for letting me have 1500 livres."

M. Colbert, with great good-nature, and according to his usual good-humour, desired him to be seated at table, and partake of their fare, which the Gascon did without a second invitation. After dinner, he was directed by him to one of his clerks, who gave him a 1000 livres. The Gascon said there were 500 more coming to him. "Very true (said the clerk), but so much of the payment has been stopped for your dinner." "Odds-fis! (said the Gascon) 500 livres for a dinner! I give but twenty sous

at the eating-house." "Well, then, if it be so, (replied the Gascon), here, take back all the money; what signifies my encumbering myself with a thousand livres? To-morrow I'll bring here a friend to dine, and all will be paid." Monsieur Colbert admired the Gasconade, had the officer paid the whole of his bill, and afterwards rendered him several good offices.

OF THE LATE MR. WHITEFIELD.

ABOUT thirty years ago, the late famous Mr. George Whitefield used annually to visit the city of Edinburgh, and by his popular mode of preaching allured great multitudes, especially of the female sex, to attend his sermons. The great object of his discourses was to raise them to acts of beneficence; and as he had instituted a charitable seminary in Georgia, at Carolina, he was strenuous in his exertions to induce his audience to be liberal in giving alms for the support of the helpless persons he had there collected together.

Among his constant hearers was one Mrs. D—, the wife of a brewer, in a small line of business, in the Grass-market, who had some difficulty to provide funds for carrying on his affairs without embarrassment. He had no time to attend the daily harangues of this ghostly orator; nor was he much pleased with the time his wife spent on these occa-

sions, and far less with the demands she sometimes made upon him for money to be given for charitable purposes. The diversity of opinion between the man and wife sometimes produced family discord; and while the lady thought that the divine was little less than an angel from heaven, the husband considered him as no better than a pickpocket, who, under false pretexs, induced simple people to give away to others what was necessary for the subsistence of their families; nor was he, when heated in the contest, and chagrined, at times, for want of money, at all scrupulous in expressing, without reserve, the opinion he entertained of this supposed saint.

The wife who was of a warm disposition, though not destitute of sense, was much irritated at these reflections, and thinking they proceeded entirely from the worldly-mindedness of her husband, felt a strong inclination to indulge her propensity to benevolence by every means that should fall in her way. To get money from her husband avowedly for this purpose, she knew was impossible; but she resolved to take it, when she could find an opportunity.

While she was in this frame of mind, her husband, one morning, as he sat writing at his desk, was suddenly called away, and intending to return in a very short time, he did not shut his desk. His wife thought this too favourable an opportunity to be omitted, and opening the shutter where she knew the money was, she found about twenty-five guineas,

which the husband had provided to pay for some barley he had lately bought. From this she took ten pieces, and left every thing else as before; nor did the husband on his return, take any notice of it.

She was now very anxious to get this money properly disposed of, and with that view dressed herself in great haste. Having wrapped the pieces in a bit of paper, she took them in her hand to go out; but as she passed a mirror, she observed something about her head-dress that required to be adjusted, and putting the money on a bureau under the mirror, she spent a little time in making the necessary adjustment; and recollecting that she had some necessary directions to give before she went out, she stepped hastily into the kitchen for that purpose without taking up the money.

Just at this nick of time the husband came into the room, and seeing something on the top of the bureau, he took it up to examine it, and finding it to be gold, he immediately conjectured what was the truth. Without saying a word, however, he took out the guineas, and put an equal number of halfpence in their stead. Having left the paper to appearance, as he found it, he went out again. The wife, upon hearing her husband go out of the room, was in great fear that he had discovered her treasure, and returned with great anxiety to search for it; but seeing it happily just as she had left it, she hastily snatched it up, without looking at it,

and went directly to the lodgings of Mr. Whitfield to dispose of it.

When she arrived, she found him at home, and a happy woman was she! Having introduced herself, by telling him how much she had been benefited by his pious instructions, &c. which he returned with ready politeness, she expressed her regret that she had it not in her power to be as she could wish; but she hoped he would accept in good part the mite she could afford to offer him, on their account; and with many professions of a charitable disposition, and thanks for the happiness she had derived from attending his discourses, she put in his hands the money, and took her leave.

Mr. Whitfield, in the mean time, putting the money in his pocket without looking at it, made proper acknowledgments to her, and waited on her to the door.

He was no sooner, however, alone, than he took it out to examine the contents, and finding it only copper, and comparing the sum, with the appearance of the person who gave it, he instantly imagined it must have been given with an intention to affront him; and with this prepossession on his mind, he hastily opened the door, and called the lady back. This summons she quickly obeyed. On her return, Mr. Whitfield assuming a grave tone and stern manner, told her that he did not expect she could have the presumption to offer to affront him; and holding out the halfpence, asked what

she could mean by offering him such a paltry trifle as that.

The lady, who was very certain she had put gold into that paper, and recollecting that she had often heard him called a cheat and impostor, immediately concluded that he himself had put the halfpence in place of the gold, and made use of this pretext to extort more from her; and fell upon him most cruelly, telling him she had often heard him called a swindler and a rascal, but till now she had never believed it. She was certain she had given him ten guineas out of her hands, and now he pretended he had got only as many halfpence; nor did she leave him till she had given him a very full complement of abuse. She then went home as fast as she could; and had a much better opinion of her husband's discernment and sagacity ever afterwards.

He kept his secret, and till her dying day she made a good wife to him, nor did she ever again go after field preachers of any sort.

OF CLEOMENES.

CLEOMENES, King of Sparta, when labouring under misfortunes, was advised to kill himself by one of his attendants, who set off the proposal with that specious colouring, which the imbecility of an oppressed mind is apt to mistake for argu-

ment. "Thinkest thou, wicked man," replied Cleomenes, "to shew thy fortitude, by rushing upon death, a refuge always easily to be had, and every man has open to himself?"

"Better men than we are, either by the fortune of arms, or overpowered by numbers, have left the field of battle to their enemies. But the man, who gives up the contest, in order to avoid pain and calamity; or, from a slavish regard to the praise or censures of men, is overcome by his own cowardice. If we are to seek for death, that death ought to be in action, not in the deserting of action. It argues *baseness* to live or to die by ourselves. By adopting your expedient, all that we can gain is, to get rid of our present difficulties without either glory to ourselves, or benefit to our country. In hopes then that we shall some time or other be of service to our country, both you and I are bound to preserve our lives."

OF DR. JOHNSON.

MR. Garrick was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where amongst other guests, was one of whose near connections some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner.

Garrick, who sat next him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration, but all was in vain. The Doctor proceeded, and when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever.—“ Thrice (says he) Davy, you have trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now if what I have related be a falsehood, convict me before this company.”

Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met *his father's ghost*.



OF MR. LOCKE.

MR. Locke, having been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax; these three noblemen, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time sat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company observing this, took the liberty of asking him what he was writing.

“ My Lord,” says Locke, “ I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation; for having waited with impatience for the honour

of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation; and indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said for this hour or two."

This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

OF A BRITISH CAPTAIN.

SOME years ago, a commander of one of his Majesty's ships of war, being stationed at Boston, had orders to cruise from time to time, in order to protect our trade, and distress the enemy. It happened unluckily that he returned from one of his cruises on a Sunday; and, as he had left his lady at Boston, the moment she heard of the ships arrival, she hastened down to the water-side, in order to receive him. The Captain on landing, embraced her with tenderness and affection. This, as there were several spectators by, gave great offence, and was considered as an act of indecency, and a flagrant profanation of the sabbath. The next day, therefore, he was summoned before the Magistrates, who, with many severe rebukes and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped.

The Captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible; and as the punishment from the frequency of it, was not attended with any degree of ignominy or disgrace, he mixed with the best company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends.

At length the time of the station expired, and he was recalled. He went, therefore, with seeming concern, to take leave of his worthy friends; and that they might spend one more happy day together before their final separation, he invited the principal Magistrates and Select Men to dine with him on board his ship upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial than the entertainment which he gave them.

At length the fatal moment arrived that was to separate them. The anchor was apeak, the sails were unfurled, and nothing was wanting but the signal to get under way. The Captain after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, accompanied them upon deck, where the Boatswain and crew were ready to receive them. He there thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shewn him, of which, he said, he should retain an eternal remembrance; and to which he wished it had been in his power to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility only remained to be adjusted between them, which as it was in his power, so he meant most fully to recompence them. He then reminded them of what had passed, and

ordered the crew to pinion them, had them brought, one by one, to the gangway, where the Boatswain stripped off their shirts, and with a cat of nine tails, laid on the back of each forty strips, save one. They were then, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the crew, shoved into their boats; and the Captain, immediately getting under way, sailed for England.

OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

EDWARD the Confessor, one day lying on his bed, observed a person (who thought him asleep,) take some money out of his casket, with which he went off; he soon returned, and retreated with a second booty. On his making a third attempt, "Be as quick as you can," said the King, "for should Hugoline (the King's Chancellor,) catch you, you will lose all you have got, and be hanged into the bargain." The Chancellor coming soon after, was greatly concerned at the robbery; "Regard it not," said the King, "the man who has it, wanted it more than we."

OF TWO SAILORS.

TWO sailors (one Irish the other English) agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of

either's being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball; and, on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the Doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied; but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noise and disturbance common in a sea engagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the Surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked where he was going? "To the Doctor," says Paddy. "The Doctor," says the Officer; "why, you blockhead, the man has lost his head." On hearing this, he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, "By my own shoul," says he, "he told me it was his leg."



OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

WHILE two Monks equally in favour with William Rufus were tossing up for a vacant abbacy, the King observing a third standing at a distance, said to him, "What wouldest thou give to be an Abbot?" "Nothing," replied the Monk; "when I took this habit, I forswore all worldly wealth." "By St. Luke's face," said the King, "thou art the worthier to be one; and so thou shalt."

OF SCIPIO AFRICANUS THE YOUNGER.

THE younger Scipio Africanus, being directed by the will of his grandfather, to pay to his two aunt's between eleven and twelve thousand pounds, at three different times, paid the whole sum to a banker, for their use, upon the expiration of the time fixed on for the first payment: Tiberius Gracchus and Scipio Nasica (husbands to the two Ladies) told him, they imagined he had mistaken, as he had three years allowed by the laws for the payment of the whole sum. "True," said Africanus; "I know well what the laws allow, and it is proper they should be observed with regard to strangers; but friends and relations should be above such nice distinctions."

OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

AFTER Cyrus the Great had, by a stratagem, surpris'd the King of Armenia, and all his family, he asked Tigranes, the king's son, what he would give to restore his Lady (whom he had lately married) to her liberty? "A thousand lives, if I had them," replied the Prince. Cyrus, however, gave them all their liberty, after swearing them to be friends and allies to the Medes and Persians. On their return, while every one was praising the come-

linefs and behaviour of the Perfian Prince, Tigranes asked his wife, " what ſhe thought of the perſon and behaviour of Cyrus?" to which ſhe replied, " ſhe did not take much notice of him." " No," replied the Prince, " what elſe could command your attention?" " The man," ſaid ſhe, " who would give a thouſand lives to redeem me."

OF LORD BOLINBROKE.

THE famous Lord Bolinbroke being at Aix-la-chapelle, during the treaty of peace at that place, (at which time his attainder was not taken off,) was asked by an impertinent Frenchman, Whether he came there in any public character? " No, Sir," replied his Lordſhip; " I come like a French miniſter, with no character at all."

OF CATO.

CATO being asked how it happened, that he had no ſtatues erected to him, whilſt Rome was crowded with thoſe of ſo many others, " I would rather," answered he, " people ſhould inquire why I have them not, than complain that I have."

OF THE LATE DUKE OF HAMILTON, WITH REGARD TO KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.

RELATED BY DR. MOORE.

BY the influence of example, and the pomp which surrounds the idol, I have, for some time past, been in danger of being seduced into idolatry; and lately I have actually bowed the knee to Baal, from mere wantonness. We are told, that to draw near to that Being, who ought to be the only object of worship, with our lips, while our hearts are far from him, is a mockery. Such daring and absurd hypocrisy I shall always avoid. But to have drawn near to *him*, who ought not to be an object of worship, with the lips only, while the heart continued at a distance, I hope will be considered as no more than a venial transgression. In short, I trust, that it will not be looked on as a mortal sin in Protestants to have kissed the Pope's toe. If it should, some of your friends are in a deplorable way, as you shall hear. It is usual for strangers to be presented to his Holiness, before they leave Rome. The D—— of H——, Mr. K., and myself, have all been at the Vatican together, upon that important business. Your young acquaintance Jack, who, having now got a commission in the army, considers himself no longer as a boy, desired to accompany us. We went under the auspices of a certain ecclesiastic, who usually attends the English on such occasions,

He very naturally concluded, that it would be most agreeable to us to have the circumstance of kissing the slipper dispensed with. Having had some conversation, therefore, with his Holiness, in his own apartment, while we remained in another room, previous to our introduction, he afterwards returned, and informed us, that the Pontiff, indulgent to the prejudices of the British nation, did not insist on that part of the ceremonial, and therefore a very low bow, on our being presented, was all that would be required of us.

“ A bow!” cried the D—— of H——; “ I should not have given myself any trouble about the matter, had I suspected that all was to end in a bow. I look on kissing the toe as the only amusing circumstance of the whole. If that is to be omitted, I will not be introduced at all. For if the most ludicrous part is left out, who would wait for the rest of a farce?”

This was a thunderstroke to our negociator, who expected thanks, at least, for the honourable terms he had obtained; but who, on the contrary, found himself in the same disagreeable predicament with other negociators, who have met with abuse and reproach from their countrymen, on account of treaties for which they expected universal applause.

The D—— of H—— knew nothing of the treaty which our introducer had just concluded, otherwise he would certainly have prevented the negociation. As I perceived, however, that our ambassador was mortified with the thoughts, that

all his labour should prove abortive, I said, that, although he had prevailed with his Holiness to wave that part of the ceremonial, which his Grace thought so entertaining, yet it would unquestionably be still more agreeable to him that the whole should be performed to its utmost extent. This new arrangement, therefore, needed not be an obstruction to our being presented.

The countenance of our conductor brightened up at this proposal. He immediately ushered us into the presence of the supreme Pontiff. We all bowed to the ground. The supplest of the company had the happiness to touch the sacred slipper with their lips, and the least agile were within a few inches of that honour. As this was more than had been bargained for, his Holiness seemed agreeably surpris'd, rais'd the D—— with a smiling countenance, and conversed with him in an obliging manner, asking the common questions, How long he had been in Italy? Whether he found Rome agreeable? When he intended to set out for Naples?—He said something of the same kind to each of the company; and, after about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, we took our leave.

Next day his Holiness sent his compliments to the D——, with a present of two medals, one of gold, and the other of silver; on both of which the head of the Pontiff is very accurately engraved.

OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE LATE KING OF
OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERICK III. one of the greatest men that ever filled a throne, governed without ministers; for those who, under him, bore that name, did no more than copy and dispatch his orders. Every object of military and political government; every thing that related to finances, legislation, and commerce, was subject to his sole direction and impulse. As he was a great captain, a statesman, a philosopher, a poet, and author, he possessed all the qualities that lead to honour and power. Bold in his plans, which always succeeded, because they were formed with wisdom, and executed with dexterity,—superior in the open field,—admirable in the choice of his posts and his order of battle,—rapid and accurate in his judgment,—valiant even to excess,—adored by his soldiers,—dreaded by his officers,—and sure of the discipline and regularity of his troops;—he availed himself of the celerity of their manœuvres, to venture upon sudden and unexpected movements.

It must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that this prince was neither famous for conducting sieges, nor for defending fortifications. The branch of the art of war, called offensive, was that in which he truly excelled. It was analogous to his character and genius.

Though cautious in forming his plans, he was

almost rash in the execution. His great object and passion was to crush opposition at one stroke. He was too sanguine in reaping the advantages of victory.

When repulsed, he repaired his loss with an amazing celerity; for all his measures were the effects of a plan laid before-hand, to provide for all contingencies.

Frederick spoke all the modern languages with elegance and grace. He was learned in almost all the sciences. He was free from all prejudice,—appreciated a man by what he was, and not by what he believed,—believing himself little or nothing.

Magnificent on certain occasions, parsimonious from principle, he rewarded nobly, but rarely; and had the happy art of securing the zeal and attachment of those whose services he stood in need of, not so much by lavishing favours upon them, as by keeping them in the expectation of a recompence.

His person was not graceful, though there was something majestic in his air. His constitution was strong; and from his earliest youth he had been accustomed to hard labour, both of body and mind. Though short-sighted, his eyes were full of vivacity and fire. His dress was plain. He always wore his uniform, which was often old and dirty. When he was on horse-back, he had a martial look; and it was easy, even through the negligence of his apparel, to distinguish the warrior.

His private life was remarkable for its unifor-

mity. He rose always at four in the summer, and five in winter. He was dressed in two minutes. He always slept without a night-cap, and neither used a night-gown nor slippers. As soon as he was dressed, the adjutant of the first battalion of guards brought him a written list of all the persons that were arrived at, or had set out from, Potsdam, and of every thing that had passed in the garrison; after which the Monarch shut himself up in his cabinet, and applied to business alone, till seven, when he passed into another apartment. Here he found his chocolate ready, and all the letters that had been addressed to him, the day before, from Berlin, Potsdam, and his interior dominions. The foreign letters and dispatches were arranged apart on another table. He read them all,—wrote hints or notes on the margin of those that were to be answered by his Secretaries,—carried with him such as he designed to answer himself,—and returned to his cabinet, where he did business with a particular Secretary till nine o'clock. He then received the accounts and dispatches of his three Secretaries, and read and signed the letters they had drawn up.

At ten o'clock, the Generals that were about his person, were called successively into his cabinet, where he talked with them politics, tactics, &c. and received those to whom an audience had been previously granted.

At eleven, he rode out on horse-back to take the air; and three days of the week he went, at that hour, to the parade: he reviewed the troops, made

them go through their exercise, and perform the necessary manœuvres.

When the King did not exercise his troops, he went on horse-back, or on foot, through the streets of Potsdam, accompanied by an single page and an adjutant;—he visited the buildings that were carrying on by his order;—he returned afterwards to Sans-fouci, where he found his Generals, and those whom he had invited to table,—he walked with them, till one o'clock, in the garden, when the weather was good; and in the great gallery, when it rained.

The dinner consisted of eight dishes (the soup and bouilli not included) which were brought in one by one.

It was generally the King who carved, and served the company. Of the eight dishes, four were dressed in the French manner, two in the Italian, and two particularly to the King's taste. They were all succulent and nice; and no wonder, for each dish was dressed by a separate cook, who had his kitchen apart. Hence the King's table, though not magnificent, was very expensive.

The desert consisted chiefly of sweet meats and fruit; which latter article was provided with peculiar care, as the fruits of all countries, and all seasons, appeared at the King's table; and the royal gardens contributed richly to this part of the repast.

His Majesty dined plentifully, and made the pleasure last a good while. He drank at table a bottle of burgundy, and some glasses of champaign.

He sat at table until half an hour after three; and, during the desert, he conversed and joked with his Generals.

None were admitted to the King's table but Generals, Colonels, and some persons whom his Majesty liked particularly. Strangers were never admitted, except on court-days, which happened rarely; and never at Sans-fouci, which was the King's ordinary residence.

After dinner, he withdrew into a cabinet, where coffee was served, and where he found the persons who came thither by special orders; without which, no mortal, not even his own ministers, approached that mansion.

At five o'clock he dismissed all the company, and retired into a cabinet, where his Privy-counsellors brought his Majesty their answers to letters and dispatches, which he read and signed. The answers were sent off at six o'clock, and all was transacted with such order and expedition, that the person who wrote to the King, and put his letter into the proper office, was sure to have an answer in four and twenty hours.

At six, all business was finished; and his Majesty softened with music the cares of the empire, till seven. In summer, he walked with the Generals till eight, and then bid them a good night.

The King neither played nor hunted. His hours, after the concert in winter, were employed in hearing the new productions of literature read to him:

he even sometimes took the book out of the hand of his reader, and read aloud for half an hour.

After this, he retired to his bed-chamber, where one of his cooks (for he had no master of his household, nor steward at Sans-fouci) brought him the bill of fare for the next day, with the price of each dish, nay even of its ingredients, marked on the margin.

The King had altered what he disliked, ordered something else instead of the rejected dish, exclaimed against the roguery of his cooks, and always concluded by paying the account as it stood.

He behaved in the same way with all the accounts relative to his household, stables, kitchen, liveries, &c. which were presented to him, and cleared monthly. When he saw them swelled beyond measure, he scolded like a fury, and paid like a prince.

After all these domestic affairs were finished, he went to bed, and joked a little with Quintus Icilus, who talked him to sleep.

The King had never any of the great officers of the crown about his person, nor even his chamberlain. Two pages, two horsemen of the corps called *chasseurs de cheval*, four of the light hunters (*petits chasseurs*), four footmen, and two chamber huffars composed his whole household. When he rode out, he had with him only a page, a hunter, and a groom, with a led horse. He had neither coach nor carriage at Sans-fouci. He went always on horseback, except in long journies.

OF THE PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

THE Princess of Prussia, having ordered some rich silks from Lyons, which pay a high duty at Stetin, the place of her residence, the custom-house officer rudely arrested them until the duties should be paid. The Princess, incensed, let him know that she would satisfy his demands, and desired that he would come himself with the silks for that purpose. On his entrance into the apartments of the Princess, she flew at him, seized the merchandize, gave the officer two or three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified exciseman, in a violent fit of resentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the dishonourable treatment he had met with in the exercise of his office. The King, having read the memorial, and answered it as follows:

“ The loss of the duties belongs to my account,
 “ The silks are to remain in the possession of the
 “ Princess.—The cuffs with him that received
 “ them.—As to the supposed dishonour, I cancel it
 “ at the request of the complainant:—but it is of it-
 “ self null;—for the white hand of a fair lady can-
 “ not possibly dishonour the face of a custom-
 “ house officer.”

(Signed) FREDERICK.

Berlin, Nov. 30, 1778.

OF HIS LATE PRUSSIAN MAJESTY'S ADMIRABLE
PENETRATION.

I. DURING the course of the war when the King was in Silesia, the valet-de-chambre, in whom he placed the greatest confidence, was engaged, probably by a great reward, to poison him. The King, who was a physiognomist, perceiving one day that the valet trembled as he brought him his chocolate, looked stedfastly at him, and said, "I know that you have been bribed to poison me." The man denied the fact; but the chocolate being given to a dog, killed him in two hours. The King was master enough of himself to check his resentment, and having obliged the unfaithful servant to discover to him the person who had seduced him, and the means which he had employed, he sent the valet to Spandau, from whence he was set free a few years ago.

II. A Silesian nobleman, in whom the King had placed a certain degree of confidence, formed the design of delivering him up to the Austrians, at a certain day and hour agreed upon with their General; and the design was to be executed when the King went out to reconnoitre, escorted only by a few hunters, as was generally the case. The Baron's accomplice was the curate of the village where the King lodged, who informed the Austrian posts of what passed. One day, when the King rode out

to reconnoitre, a hunter belonging to the Baron threw himself at his feet, and gave him a letter, which he had been ordered to carry to the curate, saying, "Sire, I believe this letter contains something of consequence to your Majesty." The King perceiving in the letter evident marks of the treasonable plot, and having learned on examination, that there was really an ambuscade in a place where he was to pass, sent a detachment of cavalry to seize upon the Baron. As the officer, who commanded the detachment, knew nothing of the reasons of this arrest, and the artful Baron appeared to receive the King's order with tranquillity and good humour, and acted his part with dexterity and ease, the officer allowed his prisoner to retire for a moment to another apartment, which facilitated his escape, as there was a window open, and a horse ready to receive him. When the officer, on his return without the prisoner, acquainted the King with the ill success of his commission, the latter did no more than say to him coldly: "Return to your corps—you're a clumsy fellow—I'll employ you no more on such an occasion."

A MEDICINAL ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman of narrow circumstances, whose health was on the decline, finding that an ingenious physician occasionally dropped into a coffee-house

that he frequented, not very remote from Lincoln's-Inn, always placed himself *vis-à-vis* the Doctor, in the same box, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw the Doctor's attention from the newspaper to examine the index of his constitution. He at last ventured a bold push at once, in the following terms: "Doctor," said he, "I have, for a long time been very far from being well, and as I belong to an office, where I am obliged to attend every day, the complaints I have prove very troublesome to me, and I should be glad to remove them."—The Doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a steady eye, while he proceeded: "I have but little appetite, and digest what I eat very poorly;—I have a strange swimming in my head," &c. In short, after giving the Doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his symptoms, he concluded the state of his case with a direct question:—"Pray, Doctor, what shall I take?" The Doctor, in the act of resuming his newspaper, gave him the following laconic prescription:—"Take; why, take advice!"



OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, CONGREVE, BISHOP
LATIMER, AND OTHERS.

I. TOBACCO was first brought into repute in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. By the caution he took in smoking it privately, he did not intend

it should be copied. But sitting one day, in deep meditation, with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small-beer. The fellow, coming into the room, threw all the liquor into his master's face, and running down stairs, bawled out, "Fire! Help! Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoak bursts out at his mouth and nose!"

II. When Congreve was asked by a court-lady, why, in his comedies, he made so free with the sex, "Because," said the Bard, "I draw my characters from *Nature*."

III. Dr. Hugh Latimer, one of the primitive reformers, was raised to the bishoprick of Worcester in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the custom of those times for each of the bishops to make presents to the King of a purse of gold, on New-year's-day. Bishop Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offering; but, instead of a purse of gold, he presented the King with a New Testament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this passage, "Whore-mongers and adulterers God will judge."

IV. Two persons of Naples having neglected to send for their portraits, which had been painted by Lucas Giordano, this artist resolved to expose them to the public, with this inscription: "I am here through want of money." By this scheme he soon got his money.

V. In England, as the titles of nobility are limited, and cannot be usurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of consideration upon the possessor, far superior to what is observed in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme, and where every needy adventurer can assume them. A German Baron, in derision, once observed to a French Marquis, that the title of Marquis was very common in France. "I," added he, laughing, "have a Marquis in my kitchen."—"And I," retorted the Frenchman, who felt himself insulted, "have a German Baron in my stable." This repartee was particularly happy; it being well known that German grooms are as common out of their own country, as are French cooks. It affords a just lesson too, against the folly, as well as rudeness of all national reflections.

VI. Pigalle, the celebrated artist, who had laid by twelve louis d'ors for his journey from Lyons to Paris, seeing one day a man, who was walking with visible marks of deep-felt sorrow in his countenance, boldly accosted him, and asked him, if he could any way relieve him.—"Ah, Sir!" exclaimed the stranger, "for want of ten louis, I must be dragged this evening to a dungeon, and be separated from a tender wife and numerous family."—"Is that all?" replied the humane artist: "Come along with me; I have twelve of them in my trunk, and they are all at your service."

A friend, who met him by chance next day, asked him whether he had relieved the distresses of a poor man, as was publicly reported at Lyons. "Ah, *mon ami!*" said Pigalle, "what a delicious supper did I make last night, upon bread and cheese, with a family who blessed me at every mouthful they ate, which was moistened with the tears of gratitude."

VII. Mr. Godea used to say,—“that the paradise of an author was to compose;—his purgatory, to read over and polish his compositions; and his hell, to correct the printer’s proofs.”

VIII. Margaret of Scotland, wife of Lewis XI. before he came to the crown, happening to find Alain Chartier, one of the most learned and most deformed men of his time, asleep; went up to him; and kissed him: but observing the people about her to be greatly surprised, she said, “It is not the man I kissed, but the mouth that has uttered such fine speeches.”

IX. The Princess Margaret of Savoy, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, who governed the Low Countries for some time, during the reign of her nephew, Charles the Fifth, was not only the protectress of learning in her time, but distinguished by the elegance of her own genius. In her tender years she was betrothed to Charles VIII. King of France; but that Prince

having forsaken her for Anne of Bretagne, she was next betrothed to the Prince of Spain. In her voyage from the Low Countries to Spain, a sudden tempest arising, the ship in which she sailed was in danger of being wrecked. In that moment of terror and danger the Princess composed the following Epitaph for herself, in the old French of that time:—

“ Cy gist Margot, la gente demoiselle,

“ Qu'eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle.”

“ Under this tomb is high-born Marg'ret laid,

“ Who had two husbands, and yet died a maid!”

OF CYRUS.

CYRUS being reproached one day by Croesus for his profusion, a calculation was made to know how much his treasure might have amounted, had he been more sparing of it.

To justify his liberality, Cyrus sent dispatches to every person he had particularly obliged, requesting them to supply him with as much money as they could advance.

When all these memorandums had come to Cyrus, it appeared that the sum total far surpassed the calculation made by Croesus.

“ I am not,” said he, “ less in love with riches than other Princes; but a better manager of them.

You see at how low a price I have acquired many friends, and an invaluable treasure. My money, at the same time, in the hands of these friends, is not less at my command than if it were in my treasury."

OF DR. BARROWBY.

AT the time of the great contested election for Representatives of the city and liberty of Westminster, 1749, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were Candidates, the late Dr. Barrowby greatly interested himself in favour of the latter, who was put up to oppose the Court-party. At this period he had, for some weeks, attended the noted Joe Weatherby, master of the Ben Johnson's Head, in Russel-Street, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachment, had frequently expressed her uneasiness that her dear Joe could not get up and vote for her good friend Lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants. "Hey-day! What's the cause of this?" exclaimed Barrowby. "Why would you get out of bed with-

out my direction?"—"Dear Doctor," says poor Joe, in broken accents, "I am going to poll."—"To poll!" replies the Doctor, with some warmth (supposing he was of the same opinion with his fair rib,) "going to the Devil, you mean! Why, do you know that the cold air may destroy you? Get to bed, man, get to bed as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue." "Oh! if that is the case, Sir," returns the patient, in a feeble voice "to be sure I must act as you advise me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to seize this opportunity to go to Covent-Garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput."—"How, Joel for Sir George!" "Yes, Sir: I wish him heartily well."—"Do you?" says the medical politician. "Hold! nurse, don't pull off his stockings again. Let me feel his pulse. Hey! very well; a good firm stroke. Egad, this will do. You took the pills I ordered last night?"—"Yes, Doctor; but they made me very sick." Aye, so much the better. How did your master sleep, nurse?" "Oh, charmingly, Sir." "Did he? Well, if his mind be uneasy about this election, he must be indulged. Diseases of the mind greatly affect those of the body; Come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket about him. It is a fine day: but the sooner he goes, the better; the sun will be down very early. Here, here, lift him up. Agad! a ride will do him good. He shall go with me to the hustings in my chariot." The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor Joe Weatherby was carried

in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his voice according to his conscience, amidst the acclamations of the people; and, two hours after his physical friend had left him at his own house, absolutely departed this life, and the Doctor was loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court-party.

OF THE LATE DR. HOWARD.

THE late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George's, Southwark, where he had been many years Rector, called among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account; to prevent being first asked for a settlement, inquiring if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman: the Doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea. Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprise, exclaimed, "Good God, Sir, you seem to have got a *stranger* there!"

"Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, *and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*

OF A FRENCH MAGISTRATE.

LEWIS XIV. having made his public entrance into the city of Lyons, was harangued by one of the principal Magistrates, who passed for a man of sense. But as it was the first time he had appeared in the royal presence, his sense was insufficient to exempt him from that species of awkward embarrassment, which is generally experienced on similar occasions.

Though he had passed all the preceding night in studying his speech, when he approached the King, he found himself unable to utter a syllable. Having at length, however, recovered from his fears, he began his harangue, and said many good things, to which his Sovereign listened with pleasure; but before he had got half through, an ass, which stood near the place, set up a braying, and, in short, made such a noise, that the King, not being able to hear the orator, exclaimed aloud "Make that ass hold his tongue!" The attention of the Magistrate having been too much engrossed by his own eloquence to take the smallest notice of the ass, he concluded that himself was the object of those orders which he had just heard the King deliver in so peremptory a tone. This idea made him stop short; and, after some minutes he stammered out, "I was thoroughly sensible, Sire, of my incapacity to harangue your Majesty, and it was with extreme reluctance I undertook the task." The King could not refrain from laughter at his ridiculous mistake; and his

Majesty's mirth increasing the confusion of the orator, all entreaties to prevail on him to resume his speech proved fruitless. He rushed into the thickest part of the crowd, and having reached his own house, shut himself up in his apartment, inconsolable at having rendered himself an object of ridicule to the whole town.

OF DEAN SWIFT.

A Shoemaker of Dublin had a longing desire to work for Dean Swift: he was recommended by Mr. James Swift, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The Dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When shall I have them?"—"On Saturday next," said the Shoe-maker. "I hate disappointments," said the Dean, "nor would have you disappoint others: set your own time, and keep to it." "I thank your Reverence," (said Bamerick) for that was his name, "I desire no longer time than Saturday se'ennight, when you will be sure to have them without fail."

They parted, and the boots were finished to the time; but, through the hurry of business, Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the Dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said, "Mr. Bamerick, you have answered the commendation of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was

to have been at Sir Arthur Axheson's, 'in the county of Armagh, on this day. " Indeed, and indeed, Sir, (said Bamerick) the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The Dean gave him one of his stern looks; and after a pause asked him, whether he understood gardening as well as boot-making? Bamerick answered, " No, Sir: but I have seen some very fine gardens in England." " Come (said the Dean, in a good humoured tone) I will shew you improvements I have made in the Deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the Dean started, as if recollecting something, " I must step in, (said he) stay here till I come back;" then he ran out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the Dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked, and called several times to no purpose, he perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The Deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the Dean remained in his study till two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss, and other fire-arms, then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his

servants. "Robert, (said he) I have been much disturbed with noise on the garden side, I fear some robbers have broke in; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders." Then the Dean took the lanthorn, and staid by the arms until the men came. "Arm yourselves (said he) and follow me." He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach the Dean roared out, "There's the robber, shoot him, shoot him." Saunders presented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees and begged his life. The Dean held up the lanthorn to the man's face, and gravely said, "Mercy on us! Mr. Bamerick, how came you here?" "Lord, Sir, (said Bamerick) don't you remember you left me here in the evening?" "Ah! friend (said the Dean) I forgot it, as you did the boots;" then turning round to Robert (who was butler) he said, "give the man some warm wine, and see him safe home."

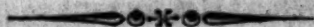
This anecdote was received from Darby Coleman, one of Bamerick's workmen, and who worked for him at the same time.



OF CIBBER.

THE manor of Winchendon (formerly the estate of the Wharton family) is situated in a very dirty part of the county of Buckingham, where the soil is a very stiff clay. Cibber the Laureat, who some-

times visited the famous Duke of Wharton at that place, was once in his coach with him, when it went very slowly through a deep slough. Colley, with his usual vivacity and assurance, said to his Grace, "It is reported, my Lord Duke, that you run out of your estate; but it is impossible for you to run out of this."



AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE, FROM A LATE AUTHENTIC LETTER, DATED CALCUTTA.

GOCUL Chunres Gofaul was a Bramin of superior cast, whose character as a merchant and a man of integrity was very respectable among Europeans, and exceedingly so with every native who had any knowledge of him; for he maintained a great many poor daily at his house, and in the neighbourhood where he lived, as well as extending his generosity to many of the Europeans, by lending them money when in distress. He was Governor Verelst's banian.

Gocul had been confined to his room about a fortnight by a fever and flux; I (the writer of the letter) frequently visited him in that time, but did not apprehend his dissolution was so near, till last Tuesday morning, the 20th instant, when, on sending to inquire after his health, my servant informed me he was removed from his own house to the bank of a creek that runs from Collyghaunt, (a

place held sacred by the Hindoos, and where the water is taken up that is used in administering oaths to Hindoos, in and about Calcutta) into the river Ganges, as you know is customary with them, in order to die in or near that river, or some creek that runs into it.

At about nine o'clock in the evening of that day, I went to see him as he lay on a fly palanquin in a boat in that creek. His servant told me he could hear; but could not speak to any body. I went near him, and called to him by name; he knew my voice, turned about, and held out his hand to me. I took hold of it, and found it very cold; he pressed mine, and said he was obliged to me for coming to see him. I told him he would get his death by lying exposed without covering (for he was naked to his hips,) to the moist air in this rainy season, close to a muddy-bank. He said he wished to be cold, for he was then burning with heat (although his hand, as observed before, was very cold.) I then put my hand to his forehead, which was also very cold; still he insisted that he was burning with heat. I begged him to allow me to order him to be carried back to his own house; he shook his head, but said nothing in answer. I repeated the request, but he shook his head again without saying a word. I did not imagine such a proposition would be attended to; because it is an invariable custom, you know, amongst the Hindoos, when given over by their doctors, to be removed to the bank of the Ganges, or some creek

that runs into it, for which they have a very superstitious veneration; and I have heard, that if a Hindoo dies in his own house, it is razed to the ground.

Gocul's is a very large house, and such a circumstance would consequently be a great detriment to the estate. I staid about a quarter of an hour with him. On coming away he repeated his obligations to me for the visits I paid during his illness, and for my attention to him at that time in particular; and pressed my hand very hard at parting, as he was perfectly sensible; and I believe, if proper care had been taken of him, it was in the power of medicine to have restored his health. There were a vast number of Bramins reading and praying near him. Early the next morning I sent my servant to ask how he was; he brought me for answer, that Gocul was in the same state as when I left him the preceding night; and whilst I was at breakfast, one of his dependants came to tell me he was dead.

I went to see him soon after, and found him covered with a sheet. I then inquired if either of his wives (for he had two) would burn with him. Nobody there could inform me. I desired one of his dependants to let me know if either of them resolved to burn, that I might be present: this was about eight o'clock last Wednesday morning. At ten o'clock the corpse was carried to Collyghaunt, a little village about a mile higher up the creek, and about two miles and a half from Calcutta.

Between twelve and one o'clock the same day, Mr. Shakespeare, who had an esteem for Gocul, whose nephew, Jonerain Gofaul, is Mr. Shakespeare's banian, called on me to let me know that Gocul's first wife, Tarryaell, was resolved to burn. We accordingly went together, and reached Collyghaunt in time, where Gocul lay on a pile of sandal wood and straw, about four feet from the ground, on the banks of the creek, as naked as when I saw him the night before. His wife, we were told, was praying on the edge of the creek, where we were informed her children (two boys and one girl,) one of the boys seven years, the other five, and the girl thirteen months old, were present with their mother, and Kistenchurn, Gocul's eldest brother: that at first sight of her children, the strong ties of human nature, struggling with her resolution, drew a tear from her; but she soon recovered herself, and told her children their father was dead, and that she was going to die with him; that they must look up to their uncle, pointing to Kistenchurn, who, with his son, Joynerain, before-mentioned, would be both father and mother to them; and that they must therefore obey them in the same manner as they would Gocul and herself if living. Then, turning to Kistenchurn, she enjoined him, and requested him to enjoin Joynerain (who was then at Dacca) to defend and protect her helpless offspring.

This done, she left her children, and advanced towards the funeral pile, which was surrounded by a vast concourse of people, chiefly Bramins about

eight or ten feet from it, so that there was a free passage round the pile. Mr. Shakespeare and I went in front of the circle, and I had a perfect view of the following scene.

As soon as she appeared in the circle, I thought she was somewhat confused; but whether from the sight of her husband lying dead on the pile, or at the great crowd of people assembled, or seeing Europeans among them (for there were two besides Mr. Shakespeare and myself,) I cannot tell; however, she recovered herself almost instantaneously. She then walked, unattended gently round the pile in silence, strewing flowers as she went round; and when she had nearly completed the third time, at Gocul's feet she got upon the pile without any assistance, strewed flowers over it, and then laid herself down on the left side of her husband, raising his head and putting her right arm under his neck. She then turned her body to his, and threw her left arm over him; while one of the Brahmins raised his right leg and put it over her legs, without a single word being uttered. As soon as this was done, a shawl was laid over them, and they were not seen afterwards by any body. Some dry straw was laid over the shawl, and then some lighted billets of sandal wood were put on the straw; but altogether not sufficient to prevent her raising herself up, throwing all off, and entirely extricating herself from the pile, if she had been inclined to save herself.

The dry straw which composed a part of the

pile was then lighted. During all this time, that is, from the moment Gocul's wife made her appearance in the circle, to the lighting the pile, there was a profound silence; but on the fire being lighted, the Bramins called out aloud, some dancing and brandishing cudgels of sticks, which I took to be praying, and a part of the ceremony; perhaps to prevent her cries from being heard by the multitude, so as to give them a bad impression of it, or to deter other women from following what the Hindoos term a laudable example. But I was so near the pile, notwithstanding the noise made by the Bramins, and those who danced round it, I should have heard any cries or lamentations she might have made. I am convinced she made none, and that the smoke must have suffocated her in a very short space of time. I staid about ten minutes after the pile was lighted, for such a sight was too dreadful to behold long; besides nothing more was to be seen except the flames, which Mr. Shakespeare and I had a perfect view of at a distance, as we returned from the funeral pile.

Gocul's wife was a tall, well made, good looking woman, fairer than the generality of Hindoo women are, about twenty, perhaps twenty-two at most; she was decently dressed in a white cloth round her waist, and an oorne of white cloth with a red silk border thrown loosely over her head and shoulders; but face, arms, and feet were bare.

I have heard, and indeed supposed, that women in that situation intoxicated themselves with bang

or toddy; but from the relation given me of what passed between Gocul's wife, her children, and brother-in-law, as well as what Mr. Shakespeare and myself saw at the funeral pile, I am persuaded she was as free from intoxication during the whole ceremony, as possible; for she appeared to be perfectly composed, and not in the least flurried, except at first, for a very short time, as before observed. She afterwards went through it deliberately, with astonishing fortitude and resolution.

This barbarous custom, so shocking to Europeans, was practised by our ancestors in Britain in the time of the Druids; but whether our countrywomen in those days, who did not sacrifice themselves, were treated with the same contempt after the death of their husbands, as the Hindoo women are, I know not; for by the religion of Hindoos they can never marry again, or have commerce with another man, without prejudice to their cast, which to them is as dear as life itself; but generally are reduced to perform the most menial offices in the family of which they were before the mistress.

This reflection, together with the great credit they gain among the Bramins, in undergoing so painful and horrid a religious ceremony, may be, and no doubt is, a very strong inducement to their continuing this practice.

OF PETER THE FOOL.

I. AN eminent Irish Counsellor, not more remarkable for the force of his arguments, and his knowledge of the law, than for the slovenliness of his appearance, and the brogue he affected in his pleadings, and who, by way of antiphrasis, was called *Peter the Fool*, was once engaged in a cause against Betsworth, a man the direct opposite to the former in garb and behaviour. After Betsworth had finished a very florid harangue, our hero rose, and addressing the judge, "My Lord," says he, in the true Grecian accent, "my brother Betsworth has made a very fine speech, and he has got a very fine wig; and he thinks the outside of his head will have an effect upon the inside of your Lordship's; but, faith, he puts me in mind of the Flying-horse at Temple-bar (a noted tavern in Dublin) for he's always in motion, and yet never stirs out of his place."

II. A person who was, some years ago, accused of robbing the Irish treasury, went to the above Counsellor, to see him to plead in his defence. "Well, my dear," says the Counsellor, "and what have you done?" "Done," says the other, "I have done nothing; but I am accused of robbing the treasury." "By my own soul," replies Peter, "you were in the right on't, to go where the money was."

III. The same Counsellor having lost a cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able Lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other Counsellors were very merry on the occasion; "Well now," says he, "and who the Devil could help it, when there were an hundred Judges on the bench?" "An hundred," said a stander-by; "there were but three." "By Saint Patrick," replies he, "there was a figure of one, and two cyphers."

OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young Lieutenant of the Marines was so unhappy as to lose both his legs by a chain shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half-pay. The honourable board pitied the youth, but disregarded the petition.—Major Mason had the poor Lieutenant conducted to Court on a public day, in his uniform; where, posted in the Guard-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out, as the King was passing to the Drawing-room, *Behold, great Sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you; he has lost both in your service.* The King, struck no less by the singularity of this address, than by the me-

lancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. *Half-pay,* (replied the Lieutenant) *and please your Majesty.* — *Fye, fye, on't,* said the King, shaking his head, *but let me see you again next Levee-day.* The Lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of Royalty, five hundred pounds smart money, and an appointment of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly so long as he lived.

OF A QUAKER.

A certain Quaker, (very rich and very obstinate,) constantly rode every evening to a village not far from town, and, as a proof of his humility, made it a rule never to turn out of his track for any one. A young buck undertook for a wager, to make friend Aminidab, for once, at least, give way, without using any force or violence. At the proper time (for the Quaker was as regular as the clock,) the young fellow set out on horse-back, and, soon seeing the Quaker at a distance, rode on, till his horse's nose touched that of the Quaker's; when both stopped, and sat some time looking at each other. At length the buck, with great composure, taking out a pipe, filled, and lighted it, by the help of a pistol tinder-box; then leaning his elbow upon the pommel of his saddle, smoaked it out very deliberately,

looking steadfastly all the while in the Quaker's face. His pipe out, he began to recharge, which the Quaker seeing, immediately turned his horse's head, saying as he passed his opponent, "Friend, thou beest a very obstinate fellow."

OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

THOSE in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that economy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the Doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d'œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made!—"How so, Jack?" says the Doctor, "Why," says Jack, "the Dutchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy,

he lengthened his visage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The Doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that, "if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The Doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawn-brokers, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death bed; which the Doctor very generously sent him.

OF THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

WHEN Frederick, late Prince of Wales, and father to his present Majesty, was many years ago chosen President of the White Herring-Fishery, he came from Leicester-House to Temple-Bar, with the guards usually waiting upon a Prince of the blood; but on arriving at the outside of the above gate, he called for the commanding officer, and told him, "He should there dispense with his attendance; as he wanted no guards in the city of London."

OF CALEDONIAN LONGEVITY.

IN the month of August, 1789, arrived in town, from Inverness in Scotland, one Macleod, an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital. This extraordinary man, though in the one hundred and first year of his age, had walked from the place of his residence, five hundred and fifty miles distant from London, in nineteen days, without the least relief on the road. His object in coming to town was to solicit some little assistance, through the medium of the Colonel in whose regiment he last served, having married a second wife, by whom he has one son, between six and seven years of age. He stated, that in all probability he should soon have a further increase of family, and that his pension would not be sufficient to support them. He is a remarkable stout man, and of a florid complexion. His hair is perfectly white. He first enlisted in the army two years previous to Queen Ann's ascending the throne, and served in Germany under the Great Duke of Marlborough, in all that Queen's wars,

OF A QUAKER.

THERE are persons who insensibly acquire the habit of never giving a *direct answer*. A Quaker

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in the west of England (a most respectable character) was so remarkable for this, as to occasion a wager, that a direct reply could not be obtained from him to *any question whatever*. Upon which one of the parties, to put it totally out of his power to evade the point, watched the opportunity of the *arrival of the mail*; actually saw him reading his dispatches, and accosted him with "*your servant, Mr. —, pray is the post come in!*"—But alas! all that he could extort from honest *Aminadab*, was—" *Why, friend, dost thou expect letters?*"

OF DR. JOHNSON.

RELATED BY MRS. PIOZZI.

I. Dr. Johnson did not much delight in that kind of conversation which consists in telling stories. He was, however, no enemy to that sort of talk from the famous Mr. Foote, whose happiness of manner in relating was such, he said, "as subdued arrogance and roused stupidity: his stories were truly like those of Biron in Love's Labour Lost, so very attractive,

" That aged ears play'd truant with his tales,

" And younger hearers were quite ravish'd;

" So sweet and voluble was his discourse."

II. Speaking of slight insults from newspaper abuse, " They sting one," said Dr. Johnson;

"but as a fly stings a horse; and the eagle will not catch flies." He once told me, however, that Cummys, the famous Quaker, whose friendship he valued very highly, fell a sacrifice to their insults, having declared on his death-bed to Dr. Johnson, that the pain of an anonymous letter, written in some of the common prints of the day, fastened on his heart, and threw him into a slow fever, of which he died.

III. The Doctor, as he was a very talking man himself, had an idea that nothing promoted happiness so much as conversation. A friend's erudition was commended one day as equally deep and strong. "He will not talk, Sir," was the reply, "so his learning does no good; and his wit, if he has it, gives us no pleasure. Out of all his boasted stores, I never heard him force but one word, and that word was *Richard*."

With a contempt yet inferior, he received the praises of a pretty lady's face and behaviour:—"She says nothing, Sir," answered Johnson:—"a talking black-a-moor were better than a white creature who adds nothing to life; and by sitting down before one thus desperately silent, takes away the confidence one should have in the company of her chair, if she were once out of it."

No one was, however, less willing to begin any discourse than himself. His friend, Mr. Thomas Tyers, said, he was like the ghosts, who never speak till they are spoken to; and he liked the expression so well, that he often repeated it. He had indeed

no necessity to lead the stream of chat to a favourite channel, that his fulness on the subject might be shewn more clearly. He usually left the choice to others. Whatever was the topic, his information best enlightened, his argument strengthened, and his wit made it ever remembered. Of him it might have been said, as he often delighted to say of Edmund Burke, "That you could not stand five minutes with that man beneath a shed while it rained, but you must be convinced you had been standing with the greatest man you had ever seen."

IV. I should as much have expected injustice from Socrates, or impiety from Paschal, as the slightest deviation from truth and goodness in any transaction one might be engaged in with Samuel Johnson. His attention to veracity was without equal or example; and when I mentioned Clarissa as a perfect character; "On the contrary," said he, "you may observe there is always something which she prefers to truth." Fielding's Amelia, in his opinion, was the most pleasing heroine of all the romances.

V. The general and constant advice he gave, when consulted about the choice of a wife, a profession, or whatever influences a man's particular and immediate happiness, was always to reject no positive good from fears of its contrary consequences. "Do not," said he, "forbear to marry a beautiful woman, if you can find such, out of a

confidence that she will be less constant than an ugly one; or condemn yourself to the society of coarseness and vulgarity, for fear of the expences or other damages of elegance and personal charms, which have been always acknowledged as a positive good, and for the want of which there should be always given some weighty compensation. I have, however (continued Dr. Johnson) seen some prudent fellows, who forbore to connect themselves with beauty, lest coquetry should be near; and with wit or birth, lest insolence should lurk behind them, till they have been forced by their discretion to linger life away in tasteless stupidity, and choose to count the moments by remembrance of pain instead of enjoyment of pleasure."

VI. When professions were talked of, "Scorn," said he, "to put your behaviour under the dominion of cansters. Never think it clever to call physic a mean study, or law a dry one; or ask a boy of seven years old which way *his genius* leads him, when we all know that a boy of seven years old has no *genius* for any thing, except a peg-top and an apple pye. But fix on some business where much money may be got and little risked. Follow that business steadily, and do not live as Roger Ascham says the wits do—*Men know not how, and at last die obscurely, men mark not where.*"

VII. Speaking of books, he once observed, that there were few books of which one ever can possi-

bly arrive at the *last* page; and that there never was any thing written by mere man, that was wished *longer* by its readers, excepting Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress. After Homer's Iliad, he confessed that the work of Cervantes was the greatest in the world, speaking of it, I mean, as a book of entertainment;—and when we consider that every other author's admirers are confined to his countrymen, and perhaps to the literary classes among them, while Don Quixote is a sort of common property, an universal classic, equally tasted by the court and the cottage, equally applauded in France and England as in Spain, quoted by every servant, the amusement of every age from infancy to decrepitude;—the first book you see on every shelf, in every shop where books are sold, through all the states of Italy;—who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the superiority of Cervantes to all other modern writers? Shakespeare himself has, till lately, been worshipped only at home, though his plays are now the favourite amusements of Vienna; and when I was at Padua some months ago, Romeo and Juliet was acted there under the name of *Tragedia Veronese*; while engravers and translators *live* by the hero of La Mancha in every nation, and the sides of miserable inns all over England and France, and Germany too, are adorned with the exploits of Don Quixote. May his celebrity procure my pardon for a digression in praise of a writer, who, through four volumes of the most exquisite pleasantry and genuine

humour, has never been seduced to overstep the limits of propriety—has never called in the wretched auxiliaries of obscenity or profaneness,—who trusts to nature and sentiment alone, and never misses of that applause which Voltaire and Sterne labour to produce, while honest merriment bestows her unfading crown upon Cervantes.

VIII. Dr. Johnson being asked how he liked his entertainment in the Highlands, said, “The sauce to every thing was the benevolence of the inhabitants, which cannot be too much commended: I love the people better than their country.”

IX. Of Pope, as a writer, he had the highest opinion, and once when a lady at our house talked of his preface to Shakespeare as superior to Pope’s—“I fear not, Madam,” said he; “the little fellow has done wonders.”

X. Somebody was praising Corneille one day in opposition to Shakespeare.—“Corneille is to Shakespeare,” replied he, “as a clipped hedge is to a forest.”

XI. When we talked of Steele’s Essays;—“They are too thin,” says our critic, “for an Englishman’s taste;—mere superficial observations on life and manners, without erudition enough to make them keep, like the light French wines, which turn sour with standing awhile for want of *body*, as we call it.”

XII. The settled aversion Dr. Johnson felt towards an infidel, he expressed to all ranks, and at all times, without the smallest reserve:—For though on common occasions he paid great deference to birth or title, yet his regard for truth and virtue never gave way to meaner considerations. We talked of a dead wit one evening, and somebody praised him:—"Let us never," said he, "praise talents so ill employed, Sir: We foul our mouths by commending such infidels." Allow him the *lumières* at least, intreated one of the company:—"I do allow him, Sir," replied Johnson, "just enough to light him to hell."

XIII. Dr. Johnson made Goldsmith a comical answer one day, when seeming to repine at the success of Beattie's Essay on Truth.—"Here's such a stir," said he, "about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many." "Ah Doctor," says his friend, "there go two-and-forty sixpences to one guinea."

XIV. When Dr. Johnson had a mind to compliment any one, he did it with more dignity to himself, and better effect upon the company, than any man. I can recollect but few instances indeed, though perhaps that may be more my fault than his. When Sir Joshua Reynolds left the room one day, he said, "There goes a man not to be spoiled by prosperity." And when Mrs. Montague shewed him some china plates, which had once belonged

to Queen Elizabeth, he told her, "That they had no reason to be ashamed of their present possessor, who was so little inferior to the first."

XV. As we had been saying one day, that no subject failed of receiving dignity from the manner in which the Doctor treated it, a lady at my house said, she would make him talk about love; and took her measures accordingly, derided the novels of the day because they treated about love.—"It is not," replied our philosopher, "because they treat, as you call it, about love, but because they treat, of nothing, that they are despicable. We must not ridicule a passion, which he who never felt never was happy, and he who laughs at never deserves to feel—a passion which has caused the change of empires, and the loss of worlds—a passion which has inspired heroism, and subdued avarice."

XVI. Dr. Johnson was liberal enough in granting literary assistance to others, and innumerable are the prefaces, sermons, lectures, and dedications, which he used to make for people who begged of him. Mr. Murphy related in his and my hearing one day, and he did not deny it, that when Murphy joked him the week before for having been so diligent of late between Dodd's sermon and Kelly's prologue, that Dr. Johnson replied—"Why, Sir, when they come to me with a dead stay-maker and a dying parson, what can a man do?" He said, however, "that he hated to give away literary per-

formances, or even to sell them too cheaply. The next generation shall not accuse me," added he, "of beating down the price of literature. One hates, besides, ever to give that which one has been accustomed to sell. Would not you, Sir, turning to Mr. Thrale, rather give away money than porter?"

A MARVELLOUS ANECDOTE.

ON the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Honourable Edward Russell's house, when he was captain-general, and commander in chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean seas. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over-head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hog-heads of brandy,—eight hogheads of water,—25,000 lemons,—twenty gallons of lime juice,—thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar,—five pounds of grated nutmegs,—300 toasted biscuits,—and, lastly, a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups to the company; and, in all probability, more than 6000 men drank thereof.

OF A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

A Young clergyman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them upon the circumstance. At last one of them rather impertinently put the question to him, "How he managed to have such good luck." "Why, Madam," says the other, "I knew they could not *live* without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way."



OF THE LATE LORD WALDEGRAVE.

SOME time after the late Lord Waldegrave abjured the Catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin the Duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen, were present, the Duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his Lordship, whether the *ministers* of state, or the *ministers* of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion. "I am astonished, my Lord Duke," says Waldegrave, "how you can ask me such a question! Do not you know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off confession?"

OF MR. WHISTON.

THE late King, being very fond of Mr. Whiston, celebrated for his various strictures on religion, happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton-Court gardens, during the heat of his persecution. As they were talking upon this subject, his Majesty observed, "That however right he might be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himself." "Is your Majesty really serious in your advice?" answered the old man.—"I really am," replied the King.—"Why then," says Whiston, "had Martin Luther been of this way of thinking, where would your Majesty have been at this time?"

OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ROCHEFOUCAULT, the French Rochester of Louis the Fourteenth's court, having offended the King, hired a dung-cart, and stripping himself quite naked, got up to the chin in it, just as his Majesty was passing through the streets of Paris in state. The dung-cart-man, as instructed, immediately fell a wrangling with one of the King's postillions, which occasioned so much noise, that the King put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault, watching the opportunity, raised himself forward in the cart,

all bemired as he was, and bowing very respectfully to his Majesty, replied,—“ Nothing at all, Sire, but that *your coachman and mine* have had a fracas together.”



OF A LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

WHEN a certain Nobleman was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, it was hinted to him that the crown would spare him the trouble of looking out for a Secretary. His Lordship, however, immediately replied, that he had fixed upon one already, an attorney of his acquaintance, whose honour, good sense, and fidelity, he had the greatest assurances of. “ Poh, Pohl” says the Officer of the Crown, who was speaking to him, “ all that may be, but then he’ll not do for a Secretary.”—“ There you and I differ,” says his Lordship, ending the conversation, “ I know of no place that a man of good sense and integrity is not fit for.”

OF A PRELATE.

A Certain Prelate, famed for his eloquence and accustomed to speak in public, uttering an harangue one day before Lewis XIV. who had an air of royalty that inspired an awe into all that approached him,

was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The King perceiying it, and touched with his distrels, said, in the sweetest manner imaginable, "My Lord, we are obliged to you for giving us leisure to admire the fine things you have been saying." The Bishop was so encouraged by this compliment, that he resumed his speech, and proceeded without any more hesitation,

OF A COUNTRY CURATE.

SOME years since resided in a country village, a poor, but worthy Clergyman; who, with a small stipend of forty pounds a-year, supported himself, a wife, and seven children. It's true, that he had a garden, which he cultivated with his own hands, and, by his industry, it afforded them vegetables for their table. He likewise had a cow, which, by the assistance of his wife, supplied them all with a plentiful morning's repast; for tea was wholly banished from their frugal board.

This good Curate not only preached twice every Sunday, but frequently visited all his parishioners, and taught them, not only by his precepts, but by his example, true piety and benevolence. It so happened, that at a time he was in some distress from the narrowness of his circumstances, as he was walking and meditating in the fields, he stumbled, and, looking down to see the cause, he espied

a purse with somewhat in it. On taking it up, he found it to be full of gold: but this truly conscientious man, notwithstanding the narrowness of his circumstances, had not one wish (by secreting it) to rob its owner of it; but looked round, and went backward and forward, in hopes to see him: but to no purpose, as no object presented itself to his view. He went home, and communicated to his wife what had happened: but she, not judging so rightly as her husband, looked upon it as a gift Providence had sent them, and therefore wished him to employ part of it to extricate them out of their present difficulty: but he, in answer to her repeated solicitations, told her, that as he did not look upon it as his own property, whatever might be their wants, he would do his best to find out its owner, adding, that *Honesty was the best Policy*.

After some short time, he was sent for to a gentleman who lived at some little distance, who claimed the purse; and to whom (after his giving an account of the pieces it contained) he restored it. But the gentleman gave him no other reward than thanks, his name and place of abode.

On the good man's return, his wife could not help reproaching the gentleman with ingratitude, and insinuating that it would have been better to have kept the purse, to supply their wants, than to return it to so ungrateful a person, who probably did not want the money it contained. To all her remarks and observations the Curate made no other reply, than that (notwithstanding all she urged, and

all that had happened) still *Honesty was the best Policy.*

Some months ran on after this, when the Curate received an invitation to dine with the aforesaid gentleman; who, after he had entertained him with a friendly hospitality, presented him with the Presentation to a living of three hundred a-year, to which he added a bill of fifty pounds for his present necessities.

The Curate, after making suitable and most grateful acknowledgments to his kind benefactor, returned with joy to his wife and family, acquainting them with the happy change in his circumstances; adding that he hoped now she would be convinced that *Honesty was the best Policy.* To which she fully acquiesced.

OF THE EMPEROR JOSEPH.

DURING the Emperor's voyage in Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road. With much difficulty he reached a poor village. On his arrival there, his Majesty got out at the door of a blacksmith, and desired him to repair the damaged wheel without delay. "That I would very willingly (replied the smith) but it being holiday, all my men are at church: my very apprentice who blows the bellows, is not at home."—"An excellent method then presents of warming one's self," replied the Emperor, still preserving the *incognito*;

and the great Joseph set about blowing the bellows while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, six sols were demanded for the job; but the Emperor, instead of them, put into his hand six ducats. The blacksmith, on seeing them, returned them to the traveller, saying, "Sir, you have undoubtedly made a mistake, owing to the darkness; instead of six sols, you have given me six pieces of gold, which nobody in this village can change." "Change them where you can (replied the Emperor) the overplus is for the pleasure of blowing the bellows." His Majesty then continued his journey without waiting for an answer.

OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

HIS Majesty, during the two nights of the riots, sat up with several general Officers in the Queen's Riding-House, from whence messengers were constantly dispatched to observe the motions of the mob.—Between three and four thousand troops were in the Queen's Gardens, and surrounded Buckingham-House. During the first night the alarm was so sudden, that no straw could be got for the troops to rest themselves on; which being told his Majesty, he, accompanied with one or two officers, went throughout the ranks, telling them, "My lads, my crown cannot purchase you straw

to night, but depend on it, I have given orders that a sufficiency shall be here to-morrow forenoon; as a substitute for the straw, my servants will instantly serve you with a good allowance of wine and spirits, to make your situation as comfortable as possible; and I shall keep you company myself till morning."

The King did so, walking mostly in the garden, sometimes visiting the Queen and the Children in the palace, and receiving all messages in the Riding-House, it being in a manner head-quarters. When he was told that part of the mob was attempting to get into St. James's, and to the Park, he forbade the soldiers to fire, but ordered them to keep off the rioters with their bayonets; the mob, in consequence of that, were so daring as to take hold of the bayonets and shake them, defying the soldiers to fire or hurt them; however, nothing further was attempted on the part of the rioters in that quarter.

OF EPAMINONDAS.

EPAMINONDAS, the Theban General, was at first but in low circumstances, yet the greatness of his soul never suffered him to stoop to gain:—an agent from Xerxes, mentioning to him a vast sum of money, he calmly answered, "Money, Sir, is a thing which must have nothing to do betwixt you and I.—If the King, your master, is inclined to do good, as an ally to Thebes, my friendship

shall cost him nothing: but if his design has any other views, all the gold and silver he possesses will never purchase one who suffers not the whole riches of the world so much as to enter into competition with the love of his country." So Thebes, by his merit only, was raised to the highest pitch of glory, as Athens was kept from destruction solely by Demosthenes.

OF LADY G——.

LORD G—— had by his irregularity brought his health into a very critical state, and his physicians recommended matrimony to him, as the most certain method of living regularly: he accordingly formed a resolution of offering his hand to the first woman he could fancy; when being one day, in the spring, in Kensington Gardens, and a heavy shower falling, he was obliged to take shelter in the same covered seat as two ladies, one of whom was Miss V——n. A conversation ensued, in which he asked the ladies if they had a carriage, to which they replied in the negative,—he entreated them to take part of his, to convey them to town, which, with little entreaty, they accepted. On their way to town, Miss V—— said, she thought it was the easiest carriage she ever had been in, to which his Lordship politely replied, "she might be the mistress of it, whenever she pleased," Miss V——

blushed and thanked him, and they were married within a month from that day.

OF SALADIN, SOLDAN OF EGYPT.

SALADIN, the Soldan of Egypt, though he had dominions enough of his own, was always ready, when occasion offered, to make free with other people's. At his return, without success, from the siege of Monful, in Syria, he seized into his hands the whole Lordship of Emeffa, in prejudice to the right of Nasir Eddin, the young Prince who claimed it. And this he did upon pretence, that the father of the youth had forfeited it, by giving countenance to confederacies against the Soldan's interest. Saladin, however, ordered that proper care should be taken of the injured Prince's education: and being desirous to observe what progress he made in his studies, he was brought one day before the Soldan, who asked him, with much gravity, in what part of the Alcoran he was reading? I am come, replied the young Prince, (to the surprise of all who were near him) to that verse which informs me, that he who devours the estates of orphans, is not a King, but a Tyrant. The Soldan was much startled at the turn and spirit of his repartee; but, after some pause and recollection, returned the youth this generous answer; "He who speaks with such resolution, would not

with so much courage, that I restore you to your father's possessions, lest I should be thought to stand in fear of a virtue which I only reverence."

OF BISHOP WARBURTON.

A Fantastical Preacher, in one of our new built London chapels, who belonged to the Bishop's diocese, one day wrote to him for leave of non-residence upon his living. "You had better," replied the Bishop, "do your duty in your parish, than play your monkey tricks at the chapel in ——— street."

On the admission of a certain modest Divine to be the Bishop's chaplain, a lively inmate of the house observed, "what an excellent salad they should now have, the Chaplain's oil coalescing so well with the Bishop's vinegar."

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

HIS Majesty being *incognito* at Amsterdam, wished to speak to a banker who was to pay him a considerable sum of money. He therefore went to his house; but not finding him at home, the banker's wife said he would soon be back and if he chose he might wait in the parlour, the door of which she

opened. The King, who did not discover himself to the lady, accepted the proposal; but was not in the least aware of the compliment he was going to receive; for she begged him to leave his shoes at the door. The King scraped and wiped them as clean as possible; but all in vain;—he was at last obliged to submit to the ceremony. The lady was not polite enough to stay with him 'till her husband returned, which was shortly after, and who was much astonished to see the monarch under his roof; but was near sinking with shame when he saw him without his shoes. Throwing himself on his knees to beg pardon for his wife: “Heavens, why did not your Majesty discover yourself?” “Quite the contrary,” said the King, “I took pains not to do it: for the King of Prussia himself could not have released me from this little ceremony.” In this he was not deceived. The banker’s wife was called. “What have you done?” exclaimed the husband, informing her of the quality of his visitor. “Down on your knees, and beg pardon for your rudeness.” Well, says she, I cannot help it: kings and queens must submit—don’t I pull off my shoes, although the mistress of the apartment? You are perfectly right, madam, answered this best of kings. “Now, my dear Sir, are you convinced? I was certain that my submission, and keeping *incognito*, would save the King of Prussia from disgrace.”

OF THE GREAT FREDERICK.

DURING the life of the late King of Prussia, a wealthy Jew, who was tired of living at Berlin, and had made frequent applications for leave to quit that place, which he dared not otherwise to attempt, at last sent a letter to his Majesty, imploring permission to travel for the benefit of his health. The King sent the following answer to the Israelite, in his own hand:

“ Dear Ephraim,

“ Nothing but Death shall part us.

“ FREDERICK.”

OF A COUNSELLOR FAMED FOR HIS ELOQUENCE
AND COVETOUSNESS.

A Certain Counsellor, famed both for his eloquence and covetousness, and who seldom considered the goodness of the cause that he undertook, provided his client could pay him, was consulted by a notorious robber, who promised him a large reward, provided that he brought him off; and the pleader so dexterously managed, that he saved the rogue from the gallows; and the client, to shew his gratitude to his good friend, as soon as freed, hastened to his house, and presented him with a thousand crowns. The Counsellor in return to so

generous a client, solicited the favour of his company to supper, and the night proving wet and dark, further invited him to take a bed there, which offer he accepted. The guest arose in the middle of the night, found the way to the room of his hospitable host, and without ceremony bound and gagged him—re-pocketed his thousand crowns, and broke open a chest, in which he found plenty of silver and gold, with which (after wishing him a good-night) he marched off in triumph. If we screen a villain at the expence of our conscience, from law and justice, we merit no other return than ingratitude.



OF THE FAMOUS WALLER.

AFTER that remarkable, and never to be forgotten period of time, when the most unfortunate prince fell a sacrifice to the fury of an incensed and enthusiastic people, and there was some reason to think the royal family of the Stuarts would never fill the throne of these kingdoms; Waller made his court to the Protector, and bestowed the most lavish encomiums on that artful, that pretended guardian of English liberty. He arrayed tyranny, murder, and usurpation in the robes of mercy, justice, and benevolence. But when Charles was recalled, and took possession of the throne of his ancestors, the poet changed his strain, congratulated the monarch's

restoration, and celebrated the happiness that would undoubtedly flow from that very monarchical government, which he had before considered as a species of tyranny, and an unjust restraint upon British liberty.

When he presented his poem to the King, which was done in a crowded drawing-room, and doubtless, every one impatient to know how his Majesty would receive both the poet and his performance, as the pains he had taken to ingratiate himself both with Cromwell and his son, Richard, were sufficiently known, some expected he would have been forbid the Court, and the person who had introduced him have received a severe reprimand: but those who thought in this manner, did not sufficiently know the character of that prince. He read the verses to himself, and then looking at Mr. Waller, with a smile said, "these lines are extremely good; but I think several of those you wrote on the Protector were still better." Waller, with a presence of mind equal to his other great talents, replied, with a low bow, "O may it please your Majesty, we poets always write better on fiction than on truth."

This answer, and the manner in which it was made, entirely removed all the remains of discontent, the King might have conceived against him for his former behaviour; and whatever he wrote afterwards always met with a favourable reception; wit being, in that prince, a sufficient sanction for almost any offence, when it regarded only himself.

OF THE FAMOUS PAINTER, ANNIBAL CARRACHE,

AMONG the beautiful paintings, none are more deservedly admired than those in the Farnesian Gallery. They are executed in Fresco by Annibal Carrache, and represent the amours of the Gods and Goddesses, with the history of Andromeda. All the paintings were so surprisngly beautiful, that the best judges are of opinion, that no gallery in the universe can be compared to this. But merit is not always properly rewarded. Carrache experienced this; for when the gallery was finished, Pope Paul III. asked his favourite Gioseppino, otherwise Joseph d'Arpino, what reward the painter deserved for this admirable performance. D'Arpino, who was himself a painter, and extremely jealous of Carrache's high reputation, told the Pope that two thousand crowns would do very well, though he knew, in his conscience, that an hundred thousand would hardly be a sufficient equivalent. The silly Pontiff listened to his adviser; and Carrache hearing of this unjust transaction was so enraged, that he swore by his Maker, that he would be revenged both of the Pope and his adviser. He set out immediately for Naples, and, having no money, was obliged to travel on foot.

The first stage he stopped at was a wretched village, called Piperno, where the fatigues of his journey, and the vexations of his mind, threw him into a long and dangerous fit of illness. To com-

plete the poor artist's misfortunes, his landlord grew very insolent, taking every opportunity of teasing him for money. Carrache was long at a loss how to pacify his rude host; but at last thought of the following expedient, which he apprehended would at once satisfy the inn-keeper, and his own resentment against the Pope. He had recourse to his pencil and colours, drew on a piece of broken chest, an ass of a monstrous size, magnificently accoutred, and decorated with the ignorant Pontiff's arms. The driver of this beast was proportionably large and tall, representing to the life the envious Gioseppino. The picture being finished, Carrache advised his landlord to set it up instead of the old sign-post of his inn. This being done, the novelty of the painting drew the eyes of travellers, and occasioned a very considerable quantity of money to be spent in the house. Many of them being well acquainted with Gioseppino, soon guessed the true reason of this portrait being placed there. This occasioned a great deal of mirth and laughter in Rome, at the expence of the Pope and his worthless favourite, whose excessive mortification is much easier imagined than expressed. Thus the poor and injured painter found means to reward his landlord for his trouble and expence, and at the same time to mortify his enemies.

OF THE CELEBRATED DUKE DE ROCLORE, THE
FAVOURITE WIT AND BUFFOON OF LEWIS XIV.

THE Duke de Roclore was in his person far from being agreeable: his countenance was rather forbidding, and his person awkward. Another Nobleman, whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the Duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel thro' which he could obtain a pardon. The Duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the King into a compliance. After the King had finished his fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he added, but for Heaven's sake, Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in his intercession? "I will tell your Majesty: if he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in all France."

OF GEORGE THE FIRST.

THIS illustrious Monarch evinced by his words and actions the true sense which he entertained of the duty of a King. Among the many proofs of this kind, the following should not be forgotten.

In answer to a petition of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, on the 6th of

November, 1718, his Majesty said, "I shall be glad, not only for your sakes but my own, if any defects, which may touch the rights of my good subjects, are discovered in my time, since that will furnish me with the means of giving you and all my people an indisputable proof of my tenderness of their privileges."

OF THE GREAT LORD HALLIFAX,
AND MR. ADDISON.

MR. Addison had the honour to accompany Lord Hallifax when he set out for Greenwich, to wait upon King George the First. Before he went, he took him into his library, and with an air that spoke the infinite satisfaction of his mind, expressed himself in these words:—"Well, Sir, we have at length gained a complete victory; the Hanover succession takes place, the King is landed, and we shall soon have the pleasure to kiss his hand. You are so much my friend, that I must tell you plainly I expect to have the white staff; and I have been long considering, and am come to a resolution how to behave: I came into the world with little or no fortune: every man will try to make his private circumstances easy; I thank God, I have made mine so: I have got more money than it is, perhaps, proper every body should know, and I am come to a full resolution to set up my rest, as to that point,

where I am. I have been in my time a good deal in hot water, and as deeply engaged in parties as most men. To say the truth, I have done a great many things in the spirit of party, which, when I reflect on seriously, I am heartily ashamed of. I resolve, by the help of God, to make King George—not the head of a party, but the King of a glorious nation. To be sure a great many people must be removed from their posts: the Tories themselves can't expect it should be otherwise; and it would be the highest ingratitude not to reward several gentlemen, who have borne the heat of the day, and run all hazards for the house of Hanover; yet at the same time, if his Majesty will take my advice, there shall be no cruelties, no barbarities committed; every worthless fellow that has called himself a Whig, got drunk, and bawled at an election, shall not displace a man of ten times his own merit, only because he is a reputed Tory. I think I know that party; some of them did mean to elevate the Pretender; but yet there are others among them, that are as worthy men as ever lived. It is to me the nation should be united; we shall then, indeed be a formidable people. I hope this glorious work has been reserved by providence for the reign of his present Majesty. I have told you already, that I do not propose to lay up a farthing out of the present profits of my post. I design to live in such a manner, as I hope shall be no dishonour to my master; and will, if possible, put an end to the scandalous practice of buying places. I am firmly

resolved to recommend no man for a post in the government but such an one as I believe to be a man of merit, and who will be a credit to his country and his King. As for you, Addison, as soon as I have got the staff myself, I intend to recommend you to his Majesty for one of his Secretaries of State,"

Mr. Addison, told his Lordship, that he did not aim at so high a post; and desired him to remember he was not a speaker of the House of Commons. Lord Hallifax briskly replied, "Come, prithee, Addison, no unseasonable modesty: I made thee Secretary to the Regency with this very view: thou hast now the best right of any man in England to be Secretary of State; nay, it will be a sort of displacing thee not to make thee so. If thou couldst but get over that silly sheepishness of thine, that makes thee sit in the house and hear a fellow prate for half an hour together, who has not a tenth part of thy good sense, I should be glad to see it; but since I believe it is impossible, we must contrive as well as we can. Thy pen has already been a credit to thy country, and I dare say will be a credit to thy King."

With these sentiments Lord Hallifax waited upon George the First at Greenwich, when he soon found that he had been a little too sanguine. Measures were taken very different from those which Lord Hallifax thought would have been most for the service of his King and country.

OF KING SIGAR.

THE method which King Sigar took of gaining the affections of Avilda, daughter to the King of Gothland, was somewhat uncommon. This lady, contrary to the manners and disposition of her sex, exercised the profession of piracy, and was scouring the seas with a powerful fleet, while a foreign prince was offering sacrifices to her beauty at the shrine of love. Perceiving that this masculine lady was not to be gained by the usual arts of lovers, Sigar took the extraordinary resolution of addressing her in a method more agreeable to her humour. He fitted out a fleet, went in quest of her, and engaged her in a furious battle, which continued two days without intermission: thus gaining possession of a heart, to be conquered only by valour.

CONCERNING QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A Carter had three times been at Windsor with his cart to carry away upon summons of a removal from thence, some part of the stuff of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe; and when he had repaired thither once, twice, and the third time, and they of the wardrobe told him the third time, that the removal held not, the Queen having changed her mind, the carter, clapping his hand on his thigh, said, *Now*

I see that the Queen is a woman as well as my wife; which words being overheard by her Majesty, who then stood at the window, she said, *What a villain is this?* and so sent him three angels to stop his mouth.

OF THE LATE JONAS HANWAY, Esq.

DURING the progress of the bill which he introduced into the House of Commons, for the regulation of the infant parish-poor, he was obliged to be incessantly going about to the members of the clerks, and to bring down his evidences; for he was his own solicitor. His coachman, which had not the same motives to soften his fatigue, which his master felt, after driving him about from dawn 'till near the evening, was stopped in the Strand, in their way to the Parliament House, by a crowd of carriages. The old gentleman, full of the great object then on his hands, and impatient of the least delay, put his head through the window of his carriage, and began to rate his coachman for not getting on; called him blockhead, fool, &c. and directed him how to drive, to extricate himself from the crowd. Upon which, the fellow descended from the box, with great seeming composure, and said, "If you think you can drive better than I can, you may drive yourself." He accordingly came home, and brought his whip with him. The

carriage was driven home by a porter; and Mr. Hanway pursued his way on foot.

OF ANN, DUTCHESS OF ALBERMARLE, WHO LIVED
IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

ANN CLARGES, Dutchess of Albermarle, was the daughter of a blacksmith, who gave her an education suitable to the employment she was bred to, which was that of a milliner. As the manners are generally formed early in life, she retained something of the smith's daughter, even at her highest elevation. She was first the mistress, afterwards the wife of General Monk; who had such an opinion of her understanding, that he often consulted her in the greatest emergencies. As she was a thorough Royalist, it is probable she had no inconsiderable share in the restoration.—She is supposed to have recommended several of the privy-counsellors in the list which the General presented to the King soon after his landing. It is more than probable that she carried on a very lucrative trade in selling of offices, which were generally filled by such as gave her most money. She was an implacable enemy to Lord Clarendon; and had so great an influence over her husband, as to prevail upon him to assist in the ruin of that great man, though he was one of his best friends. Indeed, the General was afraid to offend, her, as she presently

took fire, and her anger knew no bounds. She was a great mistress of all the low eloquence of abusive rage, and seldom failed to discharge a volley of curses against such as thoroughly provoked her. Nothing is more certain, than that the intrepid commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the fury of his wife.

OF THE LATE KING.

HIS Majesty once, on his return to England from his German dominions, having his carriage broke down between the Brill and Helvoetsluis, was obliged to stay at an obscure public-house on the road, whilst some of his servants went forward to order another carriage. The refreshment he had there, was a pot of coffee for himself and Lord Delawar, and four bottles of Holland's gin, made into punch, for the footmen; however, when the bill came to be called for, the honest Dutchman, knowing who he had under his roof, made out the following charge: "To refreshments for his Sacred Majesty King George the Second, and household, £.91." Lord Delawar was so provoked at such an imposition, that he could not forbear raising his voice so loud, that the King overheard him, and insisted upon knowing the particulars; which his Lordship had no sooner informed him of, than he

very good-humouredly replied, " He is a very great rogue: however, my Lord, let him be paid: Kings seldom call this way."

OF THE LATE GENERAL GANSEL'S PROMOTION.

MANY years ago the late King had a violent pain in his thumb, which, after many ineffectual experiments, made by the state physicians, was consigned over to Dr. Ward, who was at that time in great vogue with the public. Previous to Ward's admission to the royal presence, he had minutely acquainted himself with the disorder, and had prepared himself with a particular nostrum, which he had concealed in the hollow of his hand. When he was introduced, he begged his Majesty would permit him to look at his hand; which the King complied with; when Ward gave him such a sudden wrench that the King called him a rascal, and at the same time gave him a kick on the shins. Ward bore all this patiently, till finding him a little cool, he desired him to stir his thumb, which he did to his very great surprise, without the least pain whatever.—The King was so transported with this sudden relief, that he called him his *Æsculapius*: made him sit down in his presence, and insisted upon knowing how he could serve him. Ward replied, that he thought the honour and pleasure he received in giving him ease was sufficient; but that since his

Majesty was so obliging, he told him he had a nephew (meaning the late General Gansel) who was unprovided for, and any favour granted him, he should consider as bestowed on himself. The King, after first insisting on himself accepting a state coach, immediately sent his nephew a pair of colours in the Guards, and by degrees made him a Lieutenant-General.

OF THE LATE LORD CHATHAM.

WHEN this great statesman had settled a plan for some sea expedition he had in view, he sent orders to Lord Anson to see the necessary arrangements taken immediately, and the number of ships required, properly fitted out by a given time. On the receipt of the orders, Mr. Cleveland was sent from the Admiralty to remonstrate on the impossibility of obeying them. He found his Lordship in the most excruciating pain, from one of the most severe fits of the gout he had ever experienced.—“Impossible, Sir,” said he, “don’t talk to me of impossibilities,” and then raising himself upon his legs, while the sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, and every fibre of his body was convulsed with agony, “Go, Sir, and tell his Lordship, that he has to do with a minister who actually treads on impossibilities.”

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

AS an instance of the excellent manner in which the Royal children are educated, one instance is worthy of mention respecting their pocket money. The younger ones have all a stated sum allowed, proportioned to their age; and the Queen requires them to give an account, how they dispose of it, when they receive a lecture, if a considerable portion is not bestowed in some commendable charity, that is free from ostentation. Every one chuses how he will bestow his money. One of the little ones hearing a newspaper read, said to the Queen, "Mamma, I can't think what a prison is?" Upon its being explained, and understanding that the prisoners were half-starved for want,—"That," replied the child, "is very cruel, for the prison is bad enough without starving. I will certainly give my charity in bread to poor prisoners;" which being ordered, was sent accordingly. Thus it is, that in the minutiae of education, principles of humanity and tenderness are instilled, which are much more likely to form the mind, than the most solemn arguments, and tedious reasonings.

 OF VOLTAIRE.

THE late Empress of Russia once sent this celebrated genius a little ivory box made by her own

hands. Voltaire, upon this, got his niece to instruct him in knitting stockings, and actually half finished a pair of white silk, when he came completely tired. In this unfinished state he sent them to the Empress, with a charming poetical epistle, replete with gallantry, in which he told her, that as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship, wrought by a woman, he thought it his duty to crave her acceptance in return, of a piece of women's work, from the hands of a man.

OF DR. JOHNSON.

A Gentleman observing to the Doctor, that there was less vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and as a proof of it, said there was no instance of a beggar dying in the streets there. "I believe you are very right, Sir, says Johnson, but that does not arise from the want of vagrants, *but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman.*"

OF THE MARQUIS OF ORMOND.

WHILE the Marquis resided in France, after the unfortunate defeat of Charles II. at Worcester, his finances were in a very disorderly condition; the King was unable to assist him, and the Parlia-

ment had seized all his estates. In these distressful circumstances the Nobility of France shewed him great civilities, and invited him to spend some time at their country-seats: among the rest a nobleman of great quality carried him to his house at St. Germain, in Laye, where he entertained him, for some time, in a manner perfectly suitable to his own rank and that of his guest. At his coming away, the Marquis, in compliance with a very inconvenient English custom, left with the maitre d'hotel ten pistoles to be distributed amongst the servants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get more when he reached Paris. As he was on the road ruminating on this melancholy circumstance, and contriving how to raise a small supply for the present use, he was surprized at being told by his servant, that the nobleman at whose house he had been entertained, was driving furiously behind him on the road, as if he was desirous of overtaking him. It seems, the Marquis had scarce left St. Germain, when the distribution of the money he had given, caused a great disturbance among the servants, who exalting their own services and attendance, complained of the maitre d'hotel's partiality. The nobleman hearing an unusual noise among his family, and upon inquiring into the matter, discovered the real cause, took the ten pistoles himself, and causing horses to be put immediately to his chariot, made all the haste possible after the Marquis of Ormond. The Marquis, upon his coming up, alighted from his horse, while

the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and respect; but was strangely surprized to find a coldness in the nobleman, which forbade all embraces, till he had received satisfaction in a point which had given him great offence. He asked the Marquis if he had any reason to complain of any disrespect he had met with in the too mean, but friendly entertainment which his house afforded? and being answered by the Marquis that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never passed so many days more agreeably in his life; and could not but wonder why the other could suspect the contrary. The nobleman then told him, that the leaving ten pistoles to be distributed among the servants was treating his house as an inn, and was therefore the greatest affront that could be offered to a man of quality; that he paid his own servants well, and had hired them to wait on his friends as well as himself; that he considered him as a stranger that might be unacquainted with the customs of France, and commit the error from some practice deemed less dishonourable in his own country, otherwise his resentment would have prevented expostulation; but as the case stood, after having explained the nature of the affair, he must either redress the mistake by receiving back the ten pistoles, or give him the usual satisfaction of men of honour from an avowed affront: the Marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with less anxiety about his subsistence.

OF THE CELEBRATED DR. GARTH.

WHILE Dr. Garth was detained in his chariot one day, in a little street near Covent-Garden, in consequence of a bloody battle between two female bruifers, an old woman hobbled out of a cellar, and begged him for God's sake *to take a look* at her husband, who was *in a mortal bad way*; adding, "I know you are a sweet-tempered gentleman, as well as a *cute* doctor, and therefore make bold to *ask* your advice, for which I shall be obliged to you as long as I live."

The Doctor, whose good nature was really equal to his medical knowledge, instead of being offended with the old woman's redundant address to him, quitted his chariot immediately, and followed her to her husband; but finding by his appearance, that he wanted *food* more than *physic*, and having reason to believe, from the answers which they both returned to his questions, that they deserved his charity as much as they excited his compassion, he sat down and wrote a draft on his banker for ten pounds.

 OF ANTALCIDAS.

ANTALCIDAS, a Spartan, being about to enter into the Priesthood, was asked by the Priest,

what action worthy of renown he had performed during his life? he replied, " If I have performed any, the gods themselves are acquainted with it."—How noble an instance of modesty! How exalted a notion of the Deity! and surely nothing can be more foolish than to imagine, by the commemoration of our actions, we recommend ourselves to the Deity, who, of whatever nature these actions may be, must have the clearest knowledge of their quality and worth.

OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

WHILST the Romans were besieging the city of Falisca, a School-master contrived to lead the children of the principal men of the city into the Roman camp. The novelty of such a baseness surprized them, and they so much abhorred it, that immediately they ordered the arms of the traitor to be tied, gave each of the scholars rods, and bid them whip him back to the city, and return to their parents. They did so accordingly, and in so rigorous a manner, that the wretch died under their blows, as they entered the city. The generosity of the Romans touched the Faliscans so sensibly, that the next day, on honourable terms, they submitted themselves to the Romans.

OF SIR RICHARD STEELE AND MR. SAVAGE.

SIR Richard desired Mr. Savage to come very early to his house one morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, or whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture; and was not willing to inquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprized at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr. Savage then imagined his task over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid

for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer the new production to sale for two guineas, which, with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.

OF THE LATE MR. FORDYCE, A BANKER.

WITH the foibles generally attendant upon an aspiring man, Fordyce had generous qualities. A young intelligent merchant, who kept cash at his banking-house, one morning making a small lodgment, he happened to say in the shop, "That if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be pursued, which in all probability, would turn out fortunate." This was said loosely, without Fordyce's making any answer, or seeming to attend to it, and no more passed at the time.

A few months afterwards, when the same merchant was what they call *settling his book* with the house, he was very much surprized to see the sum of 500*l.* placed to his credit fide more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, said he must have paid it to him.

The merchant, however, knowing he had not,

begged to see Mr. Fordyce, who appeared, and told him, "it was all right enough; for that as the hint he had a few months before thrown out in the shop, gained him above 5000*l*. he thought him fairly entitled to the *tithe* of that sum.

OF LORD PERCY.

WHEN Lord Percy was with the army at Cork, previous to their departure for America, he observed a beautiful boy in the ranks as a cadet: he went up to him, asked his name, and his connections. The boy answered, "My Lord, I am the son of an old officer, who after many years service both abroad and at home, is now a Captain in the Royal Hospital near Dublin; I am his third son, and my two elder brothers are now in the army." His Lordship, not in the usual mode of recommending the lad to his Majesty for the next vacant commission, but with a spirit, the inheritance of his noble family, instantly wrote to his agent, Sir William Montgomery, to lodge the money for an Ensigncy then to be sold in the fifth regiment, and to name this boy as the successor. The commission was signed accordingly; and at Bunker's-Hill, Brandywine, &c. his Lordship's Ensign behaved with a degree of courage that reflected honour on the regiment.

OF A DRUMMER.

IN the late war, an English drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was seized and brought before the French commander, on suspicion of being a spy, disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being asked who he was by the general, he answered a drummer in the English service. This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the Frenchman's suspicion.—However, he desired the drummer to beat a retreat, “A retreat, Sir!” replied the Briton, “I don't know what it is, nor is it known in the English service.” This answer so pleased the French officer, that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his general, commending his spirited behaviour.

OF LORD GEORGE GERMAINE.

LORD George Germaine, through the application of some of his relations, procured a living for a gentleman whom he had not the honour of knowing. For this civility, the gentleman waited on his Lordship to return him thanks. His Lordship being inclined to make his situation as easy as possible, acquainted him, that since he had procured

the living, a second of equal value was within his gift, and he begged to recommend it to him in preference to the other, which was unluckily situated close to a *powder-mill*. The young parson, desiring to express a sense of his gratitude, and also to give his Lordship a specimen of his wit, unfortunately answered, *That he was much obliged to his Lordship for this second mark of his favour, for he had as great an aversion to powder as Lord George Sackville.* His Lordship, unruffled, replied with the highest courtesy, *In that particular, Sir, you may find upon more mature consideration, that common fame has deceived you, without even betraying to the flippant priest, that Lord George Germaine had been Lord George Sackville.*



OF A MAN OF QUALITY AND A FRENCH BISHOP.

A Nobleman advised a French Bishop to make an addition to his house, of a new wing in the modern stile. The Bishop immediately answered him, "The difference, my lord, that there is between your advice, and that which the devil gave to our Saviour, is, that Satan advised Jesus to change the stones into bread, that the poor might be fed, and you desire me to turn the bread of the poor into stones."

OF A NEGRO.

A Negro, who had become bankrupt, surrendered himself to his creditor, who, according to the established custom of the country in such cases, sold him to the Danes. Before the departure of the vessel for the West Indies, the son of this man came to him on shipboard. After the tenderest effusions of sensibility on both sides, the son respectfully reproached the father for not having made use of the power the law gave him, of selling his children for paying his debts; and demanded with great earnestness, to be allowed to take his place: but the father not less generous than the son, having refused to agree to this exchange, the son applied to the owner of the slaves, and had no difficulty in persuading him, that a young robust person was better able to bear the fatigue, than a man already advanced in years. This offer was accepted; the son was put in chains, and the father, in spite of himself, not being able to prevent it, was set at liberty. Mr. Ifert having been witness to this generous contest, was so affected by it, as to represent it to the governor, who, moved by the story, sent for the owner of the slaves, paid out of his own pocket the money he had given for the old man, and restored the son to his father.

Those who wish to degrade human nature, and vilify the works of God, must often meet with facts which contradict their detestable *hypothesis*.

God made man upright; and there are traces of the original propensity of the human mind to beneficence and kindness, in all nations, and among every people. Whoever attempts to inculcate an opposite doctrine, is guilty of treason,—not against the king,—not against the nation, but against the Majesty of human nature.

OF MR. ANDREW MILLAR, A BOOKSELLER.

EVERY body has heard of the book entitled, *‘Burn’s Justice of the Peace.’* The author of that book, Mr. Burn, was a curate in some of the northern counties of England. When he had completed it, he set out for London to dispose of it in the best way he could. When he arrived there, being an entire stranger in town, he applied to the landlord of the inn where he stopped, a decent looking, obliging sort of a man, to see if he could recommend him to any bookseller, who might be likely to purchase his manuscript. The landlord readily introduced him to a bookseller of his acquaintance, who upon having the matter explained to him, begged to look at the manuscript. The papers were put into his hands, which he returned in a few days, telling the disappointed author, that he could not venture to give more than twenty pounds for the book. This offer Burn could not think of accepting. He returned very melancholy to his lodging,

sincerely repenting that he had ever put pen to paper on that subject.

By this time, Mr. Andrew Millar was well established in business, and his name had been several times mentioned with some degree of respect to Mr. Burn; so that he resolved to wait upon him, without any person to introduce him. He went, communicated his business in a few words, was politely received, and informed, that if he would trust the manuscript with him for a few days, he should be able to give him an answer; and in the mean time, as he was from home, he asked the author to dine with him each day, till they should conclude about the business. Mr. Millar, who did not depend upon his own judgment in cases of this sort, sent the manuscript to a young lawyer, with whom he usually advised in regard to law-books. The gentleman after reading the performance, returned it to Mr. Millar, and informed him, that if he could purchase the copy right for two hundred pounds, he would certainly have a great bargain;—for the book was extremely well written, and much wanted, so that the sale of it must be very considerable.

Mr. Millar having received this information, met the author the next day as usual, and then asked what price he demanded for his work? The author dispirited with the former offer, said he was at a loss what to ask; for he had been already offered so small a price, that rather than accept of any thing like it, he would throw the papers behind the

fire. What was this offer? said Mr. Millar. Only twenty pounds, said Mr. Burn, with great ingenuousness. But, said Mr. Millar, would you think *two hundred guineas* too little? Too little! says Burn in surprise;—No. Well then said Mr. Millar, the book shall be mine, and you shall have the money when you please. The bargain was instantly struck, and a bottle of good port was drank to the good luck of it. Mr. Millar found no reason to repent of his frankness, for the book sold amazingly well; nor had the author any reason to be dissatisfied with his bargain, for Mr. Millar, with a spirit of candour and liberality, that does not always belong to men of his profession, frankly sent *a hundred guineas* to the author for every edition of the book that was printed in his life time; and these were many: insomuch, that by the sale of this book alone, he cleared no less than *eleven thousand pounds*.

OF AN ASTROLOGER.

An Astrologer in the time of Lewis XI. extricated himself very ingeniously from danger. He had foretold to the king, that a lady whom he loved should die in eight days; which having happened, the prince caused the astrologer to be brought before him, and commanded his servants not to fail to throw him out at the window, at a

signal which he would give them. As soon as the king saw him: "You who pretend to be such a wise man," says he to him, "and who knows so exactly the fate of others, tell me this moment, what will be yours, and how long you have yet to live?" Whether it was that the astrologer had been secretly informed of the design of the king, or that he guessed it: 'Sire,' answered he, without testifying any fear, 'I shall die just three days before your Majesty.' The king, after that answer was not in haste to give the signal for them to throw him out of the window; on the contrary he took particular care to let him want for nothing.

OF SIR THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN he was Lord Chancellor, he decreed a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor widow, whom he had wronged; to whom the Gentleman said, "Then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it;" "I will grant your motion," said the Chancellor, "Monday next is *St. Barnabas' day*, which is the longest day in the year; pay it to the widow on that day, or I will commit you to the fleet."

OF THE LATE LORD R——.

The late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning, and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ach, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection, and, as I heard your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me?"—"A-propos," said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the house to-day!" Lord R—— answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be off?"—The Earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment: he carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

OF ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

WHILE this gentleman commanded the squadron up the Mediterranean, frequent complaints were made to the ministry by the merchants trading to the Levant, &c. of the piracies of the Algerines. These complaints were passed over, 'till two ships richly laden were taken and carried into Algiers. This was so flagrant an infraction of treaties, that the Ministry could no longer be silent. Accordingly, orders were sent to the Admiral, to sail into the harbour of Algiers, and demand restitution of the Dey; and in case of a refusal, had an unlimited power to make reprisals.

The Admiral's squadron cast anchor in the offing, in the bay of Algiers, facing the Dey's palace. He went ashore, attended only by his captain and barge's crew, proceeding to the palace, where he demanded an immediate audience; and being conducted into the Dey's presence, he laid open his embassy, and, in his master's name, desired satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty. Surprised and enraged at the boldness of the Admiral's remonstrance, the Dey exclaimed, "That he wondered at the English King's insolence, in sending him a foolish beardless boy." The Admiral replied, "That if his master had supposed that wisdom had been measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent his Deyship a he-goat."

Unused to such language from the sycophants of his own court, this reply put him beside himself, and, forgetting the laws of all nations in respect to ambassadors, he ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-string, at the same time telling the admiral he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the Admiral took him to a window facing the bay, and shewing him the English fleet riding at anchor, told him, that if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile. The Dey was wise enough to take the hint: the Admiral came off in safety, and ample restitution was made.

OF JUSTIN MARTYR.

JUSTIN MARTYR, a philosopher, who received Christianity five and twenty years after the death of Ignatius, plainly tells us, in his relation of conversion to the Christian faith, ' That the power of ' godliness in a plain, simple Christian, had that ' influence and operation on his soul, that he could ' not but betake himself to a serious and strict life: ' and yet before he was a Cynick, a strict sect: and it gave him joy at his martyrdom, that he had spent his days as a serious teacher, and a good example. And Eusebius relates, ' That though he was a follower of Plato's doctrine, yet, when he saw the

‘ Christians’ piety and courage, he concluded, No
 ‘ people so temperate, less voluptuous, and more
 ‘ set on divine things:’ which first induced him to
 become a Christian.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

THE Dean was one morning standing at his study window, and from thence observed a decent elderly woman offering a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, with an insolent and surley aspect. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose soul was the seat of compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery.—He every moment expected the servant with the paper; but to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her station, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. Rightly judging the case, he threw up the sash, and demanded loudly what the paper contained. ‘ It is a petition, please your Reverence,’ replied the woman. ‘ Bring it up rascal,’ cried the enraged Dean.—The sur-

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prised and petrified servant obeyed. With Swift, to know was to pity,—to pity to relieve.—The poor woman was instantly made happy,—and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct: “The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharged him.”—Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar; after which the Dean forgave him; and, in consequence of another paper equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.



OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, LATE KING OF
PRUSSIA.

IN his last illness, the king endured many restless nights: it was his custom to converse with the servant who sat up with him, by way of entertainment. He said, one night, “I cannot enjoy the least repose—do relate something to me.”—The poor servant, an honest young Pomeranian, was doubtless at a loss how to amuse the king, wherefore he kindly furnished him with a subject, by asking, “From whence do you come?”—“From

a little village in Lower Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does she maintain herself?" "By spinning."—"How much does she gain daily by it?" "Six-pence." "But she cannot live well on that?"—"In Pomerania it is cheap living." "Did you never send her any thing?" "O yes! I have sent her at different times a few dollars." "That was bravely done you are a good boy. You have a deal of trouble with me—have patience—I shall endeavour to lay something by for you, if you behave well." Thus the conversation ended. A few nights after, it being again the Pomeranian's turn to sit up with the king, he called him to his bedside, and said, "Look in that window; and you will find something which I have laid by for you." The lad seeing many pieces of gold, was doubtful whether to take them all: at last he went to the king, with two in his hand, and said, "Am I to have these?" "Yes," replied the good monarch, "all of them, and your mother has received some likewise." The boy, on inquiry, heard, to his great joy and surprise, she had 100 rix dollars settled on her for life.

OF A REMARKABLE LEARNED AND UNFORTUN-
ATE SOLDIER.

IN the year 1724, Francis Brightwell, and Benjamin Brightwell, his brother, were tried at the

Old Bailey, for robbing John Pargiter on the highway, in the road to Hampstead. The prosecutor swore very positively against them both; but after evidence had been given against them, Francis Brightwell, who was a grenadier, proved by several witnesses, that he was upon the king's guard, at Kensington, at the time the robbery was committed. Hereupon the court went into an inquiry concerning the reputation and character of the prisoner. And several colonels, majors, captains, and other military officers, appeared in favour of Francis Brightwell, and alledged, that they had known him long in the service, and gave testimony as to his sobriety and diligence in the discharge of the duty of a soldier. And as to his honesty, a lady, who was present in the court, declared, that she had entrusted him with a thousand pounds at a time; and a gentleman declared, that he had committed his house and goods, to the value of six thousand, to his keeping; in both which trusts Brightwell had acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. These ample testimonies concurring to the honour of a man in so low a condition of life, greatly surpris'd the court, and all who were present: but their astonishment was increased, when Mr. Hughes, a clergyman, appeared also in the soldier's favour, and made the following declaration. "I have known Francis Brightwell, (said he) near twenty years. He has always been reputed to be a person of the fairest character for sobriety, probity and justice. He has often

consulted me concerning difficult passages in Virgil and Homer: for he is to an extraordinary degree accomplished with Latin and Greek literature, and has good skill in Roman antiquities; and, in a word, he carries so large a share of exquisite learning under his grenadier's cap, that I believe there is not such another grenadier in the universe."

Mr. Hughes' testimony was corroborated by that of several others; and, upon the whole, the jury acquitted both Francis Brightwell and his brother. And it afterwards appeared, that the robbery with which they had been unjustly charged, was actually committed by Joseph Blake, and the famous Jack Shepherd. However, this unfortunate accusation proved fatal to Francis Brightwell, who died shortly after, of a disorder that he contracted in goal, though he was attended by Sir Hans Sloane, then one of his Majesty's physicians.

The following particulars are also related concerning this remarkable grenadier. He was contented in his station, studious at leisure, and ambitious only of knowledge. He had offers of being promoted to the rank of corporal, or of serjeant, which he declined, that he might have as few avocations as possible from his studies.—Neither did he covet money; and it is supposed, that had he been at the sacking of a town, he would not have thought of carrying off any other plunder but a valuable book or two. The following instance is given of his disregard of gain. He had an

excellent manner of cleaning and furbishing arms, for which he had his settled prices.—An officer, whose arms he had brightened, was so well pleased with his work, that he sent Brightwell (over and above the usual price) a guinea for a present. The philosophic soldier took his price, and returned the guinea by the servant. Some time after, when the officer saw him, “Why,” said he to Brightwell, “would you not accept of the guinea I sent you?” “I am paid for my work,” replied the centinel, “and desire no more.” “Accept of a crown then,” said the officer, “if your modesty makes you think a guinea too much.” “Excuse me, Sir,” answered the veteran, “and do not think it vanity or affectation, when I refuse your kindness; but, indeed, Sir, I do not want: but I am thirsty, and have no money about me; so that if your honour will be pleased to give me threepence to drink your health, I shall thankfully accept of it.”

OF BONNIFACE.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow of punning memory established an alehouse near the Pound, and wrote over his door, ‘Ale sold by the Pound.’—As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid

there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence, by one of the Proctors of the University. Bonniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice-Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? "Please your worship," said he, "I am come here on purpose to clear myself."

The Vice-Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him, "They tell me you sell ale by the pound; is that true?" "No, and please your worship," replied the wit. "How do you then!" said the Chancellor. "Very well, I thank you, Sir," replied the wit, "how do you do?" The Chancellor laughed, and said, "Get away for a rascal; I will say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information; "Sir," said he, "the Vice-Chancellor wants to speak with you," and returned with him. "Here, Sir," said he, "here he is," "Who?" said the Chancellor. "Why, Sir," said he, "you sent me for a rascal, and I have brought you the greatest that I know of."

OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of Germany, in his way to Paris, arriving in the dominions of the Duke of Wurtemberg, was received by the Prince himself *incog.* who insisted on taking care of his Majesty's horses, equipage, &c. and also to take him to a house made ready for his arrival. The whole of the Prince's attendants were industriously employed in the service of this illustrious traveller, who of course found this imagined hotel the best prepared of any on the road. When the Emperor renewed his journey, such fine swift horses were fixed to his carriage, that he confessed they did honour to his landlord the postmaster.—The postillion who drove him had not, as the rest, the usual stile of habit; a bag-wig, rough and undressed, old boots well blacked, and his whole dress manifestly declared the injury that time had made on him; but in mounting his horse he had such an air of activity, that the Emperor immediately conceived a favourable opinion of him.—When the Emperor had taken his place in his carriage, the postillion set off like lightning, and arrived at the appointed stage with an astonishing speed, and such as no other horses the Emperor had used could anyways equal. The dextrous postillion was not only immediately called and well rewarded, but promised a place in the Emperor's service, if he would accept it. 'With all my heart,' said the postillion, in a jocular

manner. "Very well, (said the Emperor) take a draught of wine, and we will set off." "Two, if you please, (said the postillion) and then I will whip you over six more leagues in a trice." One of the boys of the Inn brought him a bottle of wine, which he took in one hand, saluted the Emperor with the other, and then drank freely like a postillion.—The Emperor again got into his carriage. "Drive on, my friend, (said he) you shall have something more for your speed." "Oh, by my soul, no doubt, master, (said the postillion) I find you are a worthy gentleman." They presently arrived at the stage, where they refreshed; and the postillion received a handful of ducats, which he took without counting, and went out as going to the stable. "I never had such a good relief of horses, nor so good a postillion," said the Emperor, to his new landlord. "I believe it firmly, (said the innkeeper) the horses belong to his Highness the Prince of Wurtemberg, and the Prince himself was your postillion." The Emperor gave immediate orders to go and seek the Prince; but it was needless; he had set off for his own palace, and it was impossible to overtake him. The Emperor was extremely surprised at the singularity of this piece of gallantry, and directly wrote to the Prince his acknowledgments for such a condescending service.

OF HENRY IV.

AFTER the battle of Ivry, Henry being very much in want of money, asked one of his most trusty Courtiers where he could procure some.—The Courtier replied, that he knew a very rich merchant's wife, a zealous royalist, who very probably might lend him some. The monarch advised his Confidant to pay a visit immediately to the lady; and offered to accompany him in disguise. At the close of the evening, they both set out from Mante, where the camp was, for Meulan, where Madame le Clerc, the lady in question, resided. They were most hospitably received, and after the usual congratulations on the success of the King's army, the Courtier affecting an air of deep sorrow,—“Alas! Madam, to what purpose are all our victories! We are in the greatest distress imaginable: his Majesty has no money to pay his troops; they threaten to revolt, and join the leaguers; Mayenne will triumph at last.” ‘Is it possible!’ (exclaimed Madame le Clerc) ‘but let not that afflict our gracious Sovereign, he will still find new resources; he fights for too noble and glorious a cause to be abandoned; many other persons will follow my example!’ On saying this, she quitted the room, and returned with many bags full of gold, which she laid at his feet. ‘This is all I can do for the present, (adding she gracefully) go and relieve the Prince of his anxiety; wish him

from me all the success and happiness he deserves; tell him to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his subjects, and that my life and fortune are, and ever will be, at his disposal."

Henry could not conceal himself any longer. "Generous woman; (cried he) my friend has no occasion to go far to tell his Majesty the excellency of your heart;—here he stands before you, and is a witness to your effusions of sensibility. Be assured that the favour will be indelibly engraved on Henry's heart!"

Madame le Clerc fell at the Monarch's feet, without being able to utter a word; the Confidant wept, and Henry joined in the sweet emotions. But the time was too precious to devote it solely to friendship and gratitude: for want of money the troops were ready to revolt every moment.—Henry and his friend took leave of the lady and went to the army, who, hearing they were to receive their pay, began to cry, *Vive le Roi!* (Long live the King!)

From that time success attended every one of that Monarch's enterprises; and after having subdued his enemies, and rendered himself master of the capital, he sent for Madame le Clerc one day, when the court was very brilliant and full:—In presenting her to the nobility, "You see this lady, (says he) a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the successes of my last campaigns. It was she who lent me considerable sums of money to carry on the war, even at a time when the troops

threatened to abandon me. She shall be reimbursed with more than lawful interest; and letters patent of nobility shall forthwith be issued in her favour." "Ah! Sire (interrupted Madame le Clerc) do you reckon as nothing the infinite pleasure I then felt, and have felt ever since, for having contributed to the happiness and success of my sovereign? *That* is the only *interest* that belongs to me, and the only reward my ambition aims at." The lady accepted the title, but refused the offered interest. The family of Le Clerc, who have since distinguished themselves in civil and military capacities, still exist. This act, properly drawn and engraved, might be the companion of the celebrated one where Sully presents his Master with the money he had received by the sale of the Royal forests.



OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE.

THIS gentleman coming out of Drurylane playhouse, with a lady under his arm, was met by a couple of *bucks*, who took some liberties, not very acceptable to the lady, or her protector.

Sir William, whose courage was equal to his gallantry, immediately called upon the gentlemen to answer for their misconduct.

One of the heroes steps forward, and says, "Sir, the lady wearing artificial colour on her

cheeks, we looked upon as fair game." Sir William's reply, and his subsequent conduct, did honour to his prowess and plain sincerity.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I may have mistaken the roses on the lady's cheeks for the ornaments of pure and simple nature; I shall be happy, if, by your means, I shall be cured of my illusion,—But I swear, by God, you shall never evade me, until I shall have fully proved the truth or fallacy of your assertion.

"Retire with me," continues Sir William, "to the Rose Tavern; there the experiment shall be made."

To the Rose they repaired—cold and hot water were called for, and applied with a napkin, smeared with soap and pomatum. Obstinate nature prevailed—the roses did not fade, but bloomed more in the operation.

The bucks were convinced—they begged pardon for their transgressions, and wished to depart in peace.

"Not so," says Sir William, "You have been satisfied, and so will I. The lady has undergone the ordeal, and she has come from it pure and unpolluted. My part I have yet to act: you must, on your knees, ask the lady's pardon." They did so.

"Now, gentlemen," said Sir William, "do not blush at your past conduct; the liberty you took was not only justifiable, but even proper, if, at your own risk, you ran the peril of the proof. If

I had proved her a *piet*, the most odious and perfidious of all impostors, I should, in the language of Othello, 'have whistled her off, and let her down the wind, a prey to fortune;' but as she is pure from that w——sh contagion, I insist on your supping, and drinking a bottle of Burgundy with the offended innocent and her protector."

OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NOT long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrum (who had been one of her attendants, became in some measure desperate, on account of the loss of a husband whom she dearly loved; a loss which had been occasioned by grief, for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate Princess, to whose retinue he had also belonged) formed a resolution to revenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at the Court of Elizabeth with a pair of pistols constantly concealed about her, one to kill the Queen, when an opportunity offered, and one to kill herself if her crime should be discovered. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd in order to get to her Majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of the pistols. This circumstance being observed by the

guards, she was immediately seized, in order to be sent to prison.—The Queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality; and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, “Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrum, and was several years in the service of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and thereby deprived me of the best of husbands, who could not survive that bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured Queen; and, regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but, fruitless were the efforts I made to divert me from my purpose. I found myself constrained to prove by experience, the truth of the maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled to it by love.”

Highly as the Queen had cause to resent this speech, she heard it with coolness and moderation. “You are persuaded, then,” said her Majesty, “that in this step you have done nothing but what your duty required:—What think you is my duty to do to you?” “Is that question put in the character of a Queen, or that of a Judge,” replied Margaret. With the same intrepid firmness, Elizabeth professed to her it was that of a Queen. “Then,” continued Lambrum, “it is your

Majesty's duty to grant me a pardon." "But what security," demanded the Queen, "can you give me that you will not make the like attempt upon some future occasion?" "A favour ceases to be one, Madam," replied Margaret, "when it is yielded under such restraints: in doing so, your Majesty would act against me as a Judge."

"I have been a Queen thirty years," cried Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then present, "and had never such a lecture read to me before." And she immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been desired, in opposition to the opinion of the President of the council, who told her Majesty that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the Queen to extend her generosity one degree farther, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom; with which favour also Elizabeth complied. And Margaret Lambrum, from that period, lived a peaceable life in France.

OF PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

IN one of the many plots which were formed against the life and government of this Monarch, there was, among the number of those seized, a soldier belonging to his own regiment of guards.

Peter being told by the officers that this man had always behaved extremely well, had curiosity to see him, and to learn from his own mouth what had been his inducement to be concerned in a plot against him. To this purpose he dressed himself in plain clothes, that he might not be known by the man, and went to the prison where he was confined. After some conversation, Peter added, "I should be glad to hear, friend, what were your reasons for being concerned in an attempt against the Emperor, your master, as I am certain that he never did you any injury; on the contrary, he had a regard for you as a brave soldier, and a man who always did his duty in the field: if you was therefore to shew the least remorse for what you have done, the Emperor would, I am persuaded, forgive you; but before I interest myself in your behalf, you must tell me by what motives you was induced to join the mutineers; and I say again, that the Emperor, who is naturally good and compassionate, will give you your pardon."

"I know nothing of the Emperor," replied the soldier, "for I never saw him but at a distance; but he caused my father's head to be cut off some time ago, for being concerned in a former rebellion, and it is the duty of a son to revenge the death of his father, by that of the person who took away his life. If then the Emperor is really so good and merciful as you have represented him, advise him, for his own safety, not to pardon me; for were he to restore me to my liberty, the first

use I should make of it would be to engage in some new attempt against his life; nor should I ever rest till I had accomplished my design; the securest method, therefore, which he can take, will be to order my head to be struck off immediately, without which his own life is in danger."

The Czar in vain used all the arguments he could think of to set before this desperado the folly and injustice of such sentiments; he still persisted in what he had declared; and Peter departed, greatly chagrined at the bad success of his visit, and gave orders for the execution of this man with the rest of his accomplices.

OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was in Scotland, amongst other curiosities shewn him, he was taken to a very ancient and high castle, which was reckoned to command the most extensive view of any in the country: "Well, Sir, (says the guide,) what do you think of this prospect?"—"By much the finest in all Scotland," says the Doctor, "for I can here see the road to England."

OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

AT a race in the North, some time ago, among other horses, one called Botheram started for the plate. The Irishman taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite was unluckily in the rear, on which he exclaimed—"Ah! by Jafus, there he is, Botheram for ever! See how he drives them all before him."

OF THE LATE EARL OF ROSS, OF IRELAND.

THE late Earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humorous Earl of Rochester. He had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beaumonde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do, and, finally, his health, beyond repair. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic of reproach, and having fifty thousand faults invented to complete the number of those he had: nay, some asserted that he dealt with the Devil; established a Hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Corkhill, and that one W—, a mighty innocent facetious painter,

who was, indeed, only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned: but what would not malicious folks say? Be it as it will, his Lordship's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the Groom Porters, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him for generosity.

Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the Rev. Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write to him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; exhorting him, in the tenderest manner, to employ the few moments that remained to him in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear.

It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of K——e was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and, in every respect, a contrast, in character, to Lord Ross. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of K——e. He likewise prevailed on the Dean's

servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord K——e was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, infomuch, that when he was married to lady M—y O—n, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this single instance may be judged, with what surprise and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of.—He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received.—Her Ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it, as he could possibly be, but, withal, observed that the letter was not written in the stile of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner; “Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a whoremonger, a rioter, and every other thing that is base and infamous?”—“You, my Lord!” said the Bishop, “every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue.” “Well, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and Reverend Divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?” “Surely,” answered his Grace,

"no man in his right senses, that knew your Lordship, would presume to do it; and, if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your Lordship, will have satisfaction from the Spiritual Court." Upon this, Lord K——e delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's servant; and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's hand-writing.

The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his Grace advised Lord K——e to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed the gentleman about it, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter, the Dean answered, "I did, my Lord."—"Mr. Dean," returned the Prelate, "I always thought you a man of sense and prudence; but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men:—To throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain: besides, Sir, you have, by this means, laid yourself open to a prosecution, which will either oblige you publicly to retract what you have said, or to suffer the consequence." "My Lord," answered the Dean, "I never think, act, or write any thing for which I

am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and, if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer, patiently, the severest penalties in justification of it." And so saying the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two Noblemen as much in the dark as ever.

Lord K——e went home, and sent for a Proctor, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the mean time the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended him to ask my Lord's pardon, before the matter became public. "Ask his pardon," said the Dean, "why the man is dead." "Lord K——e dead!" "No, Lord Rofs." "Good God!" said the Archbishop, "did not you send a letter yesterday to Lord K——e?" "No, truly, my Lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rofs, who was then given over; and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." Upon examining the servant, the whole was rectified; and the Dean saw, with real regret, that Lord Rofs died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The footman lost his place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humour.

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

A Circumstance occurred some time ago, which, as it serves, however simple in itself, to put the private character of our amiable S——n in its true light, that of being the benevolent father of his people, ought on no account to be buried in oblivion.

In the course of his walks one morning with the H— A——t by his side, he met a farmer's servant travelling to W—— with a load of commodities for market. Unhappily, however, the cart was stuck fast in the mud; nor could the man himself extricate it with all his might.

Both the K—— and the P—— were dressed in a style of simplicity; and as if with one impulse of humanity, they immediately rushed forward to the assistance of the embarrassed rustic: having, through the dint of main strength, enabled him to set his cart to rights, the honest fellow, glowing with gratitude, asked them very cordially if they would except of a cup of ale from him at the next house; adding, that in the mean time they were heartily welcome to take a seat upon the cart.—Each of these offers was of course declined, and they parted; the K—— having previously slipped into his hands a guinea, and the P—— two guineas.

The man was thunderstruck; nor could he help spreading about the particulars of his adventure the moment he reached W——. From these it

appeared plainly, that it was to the K—— and the P—— he had been indebted so highly; and the only circumstance that seemed to puzzle the man himself, and make him doubt the fact, was, that the P—— should have given two pieces, while the K—— gave him but one.

Every thing, as heré related, presently reached the ears of his M——; and happening, the week following, to meet the same man again, on his way to market, he stopped him and smiled.

“ Well, my friend, (said he) I find you were rather dissatisfied with the little present I made you when last we met: the son you thought more munificent than the father.—He was so, I confess; but remember this, my good fellow, that I am obliged to be just before I can be generous. My son has, at present, nobody to care for but himself, and I (with an infinite deal of more anxiety in my bosom than you possibly experience) am bound to promote the happiness of millions, who look to me for that protection, which your children at home expect, and have a right to demand from you.”

OF A YOUNG OFFICER.

DURING the Protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, a young officer, who had been bred in France, went to the ordinary at the Black Horse in Holborn, where the person that usually presided at

table, was a rough, old-fashioned gentleman, who according to the custom of those times, had been both Major and Preacher of a regiment. The young officer was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking against the dispensations of Providence. The Major, at first, only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," (said he) "do not abuse your Master while you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters to a jest, asked him if he was going to preach? But at the same time bid him take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour!" (cried the Major) "thou art an infidel, and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." At length the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challenged the Major. On their coming into the garden, the old gentleman advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but finding him grow scurilous, "Sirrah, (said he) if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant." This said, he drew his sword, and cried with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord

and of Gideon!" Which so terrified the young gentleman, that he was instantly disarmed, and thrown on his knees; in which posture he begged for life; which the Major refused to grant; until he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extempore prayer, which the Major dictated on the spot; and the other repeated it in the presence of the whole company, which was by this time assembled in the garden.



OF DEAN SWIFT.

AS Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and that he might see the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan, that he should go thither disguised as a blind fidler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the scene of action, when the blind fidler was received with shouts of joy. They had plenty of meat and drink; and plied the fidler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked jokes, &c. in a vein of humour

entertaining to the two guests. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fidler very handsomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening, scattered about on different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these, they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly; told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up and sent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

OF THE EMPEROR CAMKI, OF CHINA.

THE Emperor Camki, of China, being out a hunting, and having gone astray from his attendants, met with a poor old man, who wept bitterly, and appeared afflicted for some extraordinary disaster.

He rode up to him, moved at the condition he saw him in; and, without making himself known, asked what was the matter with him.—Alas! Sir, (replied the old man,) though I should tell you the cause of my distress, it is not in your power to remedy it.—Perhaps, my good man, (said the Emperor,) I may be of greater help to you than you think: make me your confidant; you do not know what may happen to your advantage. Well, good Sir, if you would fain know, (answered the old man,) I must tell you that all my sufferings are owing to a Governor of one of the Emperor's pleasure-houses. Finding a little estate of mine, near that royal house, to suit his conveniency, he seized upon it, and reduced me to the state of beggary you see me in. Not contented with this inhuman treatment, he forced my son to become his slave, and so robbed me of the only support of my old age. This, Sir, is the reason of my tears.

The Emperor was so affected with this speech, that, fully resolved to take vengeance of a crime committed under the sanction of his authority, he immediately asked the old man if they were far from the house he spoke of; and the old man answering they were not above half a league, he said, he had a mind to go with him there himself, to exhort the Governor to restore to him his estate and his son, and that he did not despair of persuading him to it.—Persuade him! (replied the old man) ah, Sir, remember, if you please, that man belongs to the Emperor. It is neither safe for you nor me.

to propose any thing like what you say to him; he will only treat me the worse for it, and you will receive some insult from him, which I beg you will not expose yourself to.—Be under no concern on my account, (replied the Emperor,) I am determined to go on this business, and I hope we shall soon see a better issue to our negociation than you imagine. The old man, who perceived visible marks in this unknown person of that something which illustrious birth impresses on the aspect of those of rank, believed he should not more oppose his good intentions; and only objected, that being broke down with old age, and a foot, he was not able to keep up with the walk of the horse the Emperor was mounted on.—I am young, (answered the Emperor,) do you get on horseback, and I will go a foot.—The old man not accepting the offer, the Emperor hit upon the expedient of taking him behind him; but the old man again excusing himself, that his poverty having deprived him of the means of changing linen and clothes, he might communicate to him vermin he could not keep himself clean of.—Come, friend, (said the Emperor,) be in no trouble about that: get behind me; a change of clothes will presently rid me of all communication of the kind.—At length the old man mounted, and both soon arrived at the house they rode to.—The Emperor asked for the Governor, who appearing, was greatly surprised when the Prince, in accosting him, discovered to him, to make himself known, the embroidered dragon he wore on his

breast, which his hunting-garb had kept concealed. It happened, to render more famous, as it were, this memorable action of justice and humanity, that most of the Grandees, who followed the Emperor in the chace, there met about him, as if assigned a place of rendezvous. Before this grand assembly he severely reproached this old man's persecutor with his signal injustice; and, after obliging him to restore to him his estate and son, he ordered his head to be instantly cut off. He did more: he put the old man in his place, admonishing him to take care, lest, fortune changing his manners, another might avail himself hereafter of his injustice, as he now had of the injustice of another.

The Emperor's whole conduct was truly noble, justice influenced by humanity, and this act of humanity in him principally regarded the concern men feel for the human species in general; for this single reason, that they are men like themselves, without being united either by the ties of blood, of love, or friendship; though we must not exclude in the Emperor the sacred tie between the sovereign and subject, by which they are bound to consult a reciprocal welfare.

It is just we should have a superior tenderness for a father, a wife, a child, or a friend; but there is a sort of affection which we owe to all mankind, as being members of the same family, of which God is the Creator and Father. Let us illustrate this by the circular undulations which the fall of a stone causes on the surface of a clear and tranquil

water. The agitation in the centre, by communicating itself afar off, forms a great number of tremulous circles, the faintness of whose impression is in proportion to the largeness of their circumference, till the last seems to have escaped from our sight. Here is an image of the different degrees of our affections. We love principally that which touches us the more nearly, and less and less, in proportion to the distance. We consider mankind, with relation to us, as divided into different classes, every one of which, encreasing gradually, consists of greater numbers than the former: we place ourselves in the smallest, which is surrounded by others more extended; and from thence we distribute to the different orders of men which they contain, different degrees of affection, more or less strong, in proportion to their distance from us, in such a manner, as that the last has hardly any share of it. These different classes may be ranked in the following order: a wife, children, friends, relations, men of the same religion; the next are those of the same trade or profession as ourselves; the other classes comprehend our neighbours, fellow citizens, and countrymen; the last, which includes all the rest, is the universal class of mankind.

TWO Gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton's Coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*: Done,

said the other, and Sir Richard Steele here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, "I believe in God," and so went cleverly through *the Creed*:—Well, said the other, I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.

OF A CLERGYMAN PROMOTED IN A VERY EXTRAORDINARY MANNER.

IN Queen Anne's reign, the British Augustan age, few made a more illustrious figure than Butler, Duke of Ormond, who, for his attachment to the cause of St. Germans, was a particular favourite of the Queen, and of the Tory party, who then held the superiority in the court. It happened once that as his Grace, who had been chosen to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was on his passage to undertake his government, he was forced in, by contrary winds, upon the then almost barren island of Ila. There was no place in this small and bleak island where his Excellency could find tolerable accommodation, but a poor clergyman's house, in which were two or three small rooms, and these but very poorly furnished; however these inconveniences were amply compensated by the cheerful and happy disposition of the landlord, and the frugal, but decent, hospitality, with which his Excellency was particularly charmed. The wind some

days after shifting about, the Duke and his retinue prepared for setting out again on their passage; but before he went on board being at breakfast, he asked his landlord, what his living was? Only twenty-two pounds, replied Joseph: (for that was his name.) At which his Excellency being surprised, asked again, how he came to have things so decent and neat on such a small salary? Why, replied he, my wife Rebecca is an excellent housewife, and as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, and almost supports the family; whilst we reserve my twenty-two pounds for cloaths, and our childrens education, which, at all events, I am determined to give them, and then the world is before them, let them shift for themselves. Ormond was charmed at the sight of so much contentment, and genuine felicity, which this poor but generous clergyman enjoyed: and therefore having made the frugal wife a handsome present, he promised to do still something more for Joseph, her husband, and immediately went on board.

Joseph having waited with anxiety, from time to time, to hear of something being done in his favour, in vain, at last took the resolution of going to Dublin, and pushing his fortune, for which he seemed to have had only this single chance in his whole life. Fully bent on his design, he set out, and soon arrived at Dublin. Being a man of some abilities, he imagined the only way to attain his end, would be, if possible, by preaching before his Excellency, and using every stroke of address to make the Duke

recollect who he was, and what he had promised: he thought if he could gain his end this way, it would be more successful than by an indelicate bluntness to come to his Excellency's lodgings, and put him in mind of his promise.

Upon this he applied to the Dean to be permitted to preach in the cathedral the next Sunday.—The Dean, who knew nothing about him, and never heard of him before, seemed a little surprised at the request, and being of a humane and gentle disposition, he did not peremptorily refuse it; but judging it necessary to be somewhat acquainted with the abilities of the person to whom he was to grant this favour, he artfully entered into a conversation with this stranger, upon various subjects, and finding him to be a man possessed of no contemptible share of both natural and acquired abilities, he permitted him to preach next sabbath forenoon before his Excellency, and both houses of Peers and Commons. Having mounted the pulpit, he chose that remarkable text;—"But the chief butler (his "Grace's name was Butler,) remembered not "Joseph, but forgot him." Here he used his utmost efforts to paint out the unhappy tendency that high life has upon the great, to make them overlook beneficent actions done them on some occasions, by those that even tread in the humblest paths of indigence and obscurity; and having described the inhumanity and injustice of this negligence towards their generous benefactors, he observed, that this negligence often rather took its

rise from the multiplicity of business in which they were laudably employed, or from having their ear poisoned with the fascinating adulations of that servile crowd of flatterers that never fail, on all occasions, to seduce their attention from the most noble of all pursuits—of humanity, benevolence, and compassion—for those of sensuality, intemperance, riot, and debauchery, than from any innate depravity of heart. Having delineated this unhappy tenor of conduct at some length, and with the most pathetic, lively, and animated address, so that almost every person hearing him, felt what he said; he fully accomplished his design, by making this striking application:—And now, my honoured hearers, let us turn our thoughts inward, and question ourselves. Did ever I get a kind office done me by one of an inferior station of life, and to whom a bountiful providence had not been so liberal, as to worldly affluence, but had bestowed more valuable favours—those of a kind, generous, and open heart; and, like the poor widow in the gospel, that freely gave a mite to the poor, although it was all her living—And have I overlooked such generosity, and basely forgot to reward it seven-fold? Have ever I, in my life, been in such a situation, exposed to the inclemencies of the storm, and where conflicting elements seemed to conspire for my ruin; and did ever any of a low, but contented, station of life, with open arms receive me, and my weather-beaten attendants, into his house, while, perhaps, his equally kind spouse was busy in heaping on plenty

of fuel, to recall the heat into our chilled and benumbed limbs; and, with the utmost solicitude, preparing a repast of decent, plain, and comfortable food, to revive our exhausted spirits, and to cherish our hearts, now secure from the impetuosity of the roaring storm; nor would the kind pair permit us to venture away from their frugal, but happy, abode, till serener weather, and milder skies, invited our departure, although they had no hopes, or, at least, no certainty of retaliation on my part: and have I, with a baseness of soul, unworthy of my station, allowed such true benevolence to pass unrewarded, and, ashamed to acknowledge my benefactors, have suffered them to languish under the iron grasp of poverty, and, possibly to solicit Charity's cold hand in vain?—

Here the Duke, who was all along attentive to the sermon, could not help examining his own conduct, and upon recollection, found that he himself was guilty of some pieces of negligence, equally criminal, and perfectly similar to this, which had just now been described in so affecting colours; but he was still more affected, when, upon a thorough examination of the parson, he found he bore a striking resemblance to the figure and features of his own hospitable landlord in the island of Ila; and whom, till brought to recollection by this affecting discourse, he had inhumanly forgot: upon which he turned to one of his lords, and asked him, if this was not their old landlord in Ila? To which he replied, please your Excellency, I think it is. Cause him,

after service, to come and dine with me. Joseph being brought in, and sat down, the Duke asked him if he did not come from Ila, and was not his design to put him in mind of his promise to provide for him? Here Joseph blushed, and, with that ingenuity natural to a generous mind, confessed that it was he, and that it really was his sole intention, as he imagined his Excellency's neglect of him did not arise from a contempt of his meanness of life, or from a dishonourable shame of acknowledging a good office when done by an inferior, which a great soul like his Excellency's disdained, but from the vast and important concerns of the government, with which he was intrusted, he would account it no matter of surprise, that this, like a small receipt amidst a heap of papers, was fallen aside and lost. To which the Duke replied, you are a worthy man! and immediately after dinner he ordered some of his clerks to look over the vacancies of the church. The clerks, after searching, told his Excellency there was none but a living of four hundred pounds per annum. His Excellency answered, there is none more deserving of it than this generous, worthy man; and immediately preferred Joseph from his poor twenty-two pounds a-year, to four hundred pounds. But mark the quick transitions of fortune! The Whig interest getting the superiority, (for jarring interests and faction will always be joined in a free state) the Duke of Ormond was divested of all his dignities, and escaping a trial, by retiring to France, he was fugitated, and his

large fortune was forfeited to the crown. The generosity of his friends for some time supplied him; but, alas! these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lieutenant General of her Majesty's armies, &c. &c. now found himself treading in the lowest paths of fortune, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt and death. But how agreeably was he surprised to find a comfortable supply from a very unexpected channel, viz. his old friend Joseph!—That generous-hearted man, hearing of his great patron and benefactor's misfortunes, thought the least part of his duty was to spare as much as he could out of his benefice, to supply the necessities of that great and good man, from whom he had all his living; and, therefore, one day taking his wife aside, says to her, Becca, my dear, you hear what has happened to the Duke of Ormond, who liberally put us into our present affluent situation; and you know very well we can as easily live upon one hundred pounds a-year, as one thousand pounds; what would you think of settling three hundred pounds a-year upon our generous patron for life; for I hear, to the disgrace of his friends, he is in danger of perishing for real want. Becca readily consented to so noble a proposal, and immediately Joseph modestly remitted to the Duke the first quarter of his annuity. Struck with this second act of kindness, his grace wrote a full account of it to a great personage at court, who, altho' in different interests, yet still preserved

the laws of friendship, amidst all the commotions of state, inviolable and secure. Being charmed with such true generosity in a poor man, this courtier got Joseph preferred to a second living, which made them worth eight hundred pounds a-year; but prior to this second preferment the Duke of Ormond died in exile, so that Joseph had it now no more in his power to relieve the wants, and alleviate the misfortunes of his noble benefactor; for he was now secure from the blustering storms of adversity, in that land of silence where the weary are at rest.

Every circumstance of this story is founded on reality, which enhances the value of entertainments of this kind. Some years ago, an officer in the army declared, that he was the grandson of the hero of our history, and used to divert himself and friends with relating these particulars respecting his benevolent progenitor, Joseph from Ila.



LORD BACON, towards the latter end of his life, said, that a little smattering of Philosophy would lead a man to atheism; but a thorough insight into it will lead a man back again to a first cause; and that the first principal of right reason is religion; and seriously professed, that, after all his studies and inquiries, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those of religion taught, as it is professed among the Christians.

OF ROBERT THE NORMAN.

THE following curious anecdote may serve both as a proof and illustration of the wit, politeness, and generosity of the Normans.—When Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was at Constantinople, in his way to the Holy Land, he lived in uncommon splendor, and was greatly celebrated for his wit, his affability, his liberality, and other virtues. Of these, many remarkable examples were related to the Emperor, who resolved to put the reality of them to a trial. With this view he invited the Duke, and all his Nobles, to a feast, in the great hall of the Imperial Palace; but took care to have all the tables and seats filled with guests before the arrival of the Normans, of whom he commanded to take no notice. When the Duke, followed by his Nobles in their richest dresses, entered the hall, observing that all the seats were filled with guests, and that none of them returned his civilities, or offered him any accommodation, he walked, without the least appearance of surprise or discomposure, to an empty space at one end of the room, took off his cloak, folded it very carefully, laid it upon the floor, and sat down upon it; in all which he was imitated by his followers. In this posture they dined off such dishes as were set before them, with every appearance of the most perfect satisfaction with their entertainment. When the feast was ended, the Duke

and his Nobles arose, took leave of the company in the most graceful manner, and walked out of the hall in their doublets, leaving their cloaks, which were of value, behind them on the floor. The Emperor, who had admired their whole behaviour, was quite surprised at this last part of it; and sent one of his courtiers to entreat the Duke and his followers to put on their cloaks. "Go," said the Duke, "and tell your master, that it is not the custom of the Normans to carry about with them the seats, which they use at an entertainment." Could any thing be more delicate than this refusal; or more noble, polite, and manly, than this deportment?

OF THE DUKE OF NIVERNOIS.

WHEN this Nobleman was Ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite in dishabille, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80*l.* a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the Duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to

come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the Duke observed an old chess-board hanging up; and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play. The other told him he could pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist. "I am your man," says the Duke.—"With all my heart," says the parson;—"and if you'll stay and eat pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat you." The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly inquired into the state of his family affairs,—and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months passed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced livry rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:

"The Duke of Nivernois' compliments wait
 "on the Rev. Mr. —, and, as a remembrance
 "for the *good drubbing* he gave him at chess, begs
 "that he will accept the living of —, worth
 "400l. per annum, and that he will wait on his
 "Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next,

"to thank him for the same."—The good parson was some time before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was not for going; but as his wife insisted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

OF AN ENSIGN.

AT the time the English army were in Portugal, under Lord Townshend and Count de Lippe, the following adventure happened to an Ensign of a regiment there:—One morning, as he was at breakfast, a friar waited on him, and, after the usual jargon of poverty and penance, told him, that he had a letter for him from one of the sisterhood of his convent, which he brought out of pure charity, supposing it contained some wholesome admonition, tending to reform him. The young gentleman opened the letter with great eagerness, and, to his utmost surprise, found it written in English, and from a lady, begging, in the most earnest terms, that he would contrive to deliver her from the miseries of her confinement. The officer, thinking his fair incognita was well acquainted with her messenger, before she would have trusted him, asked the friar "if he could see the lady?"—"Not unless you put on the habit of our order," replied the priest, "which I have prepared for you." It may

be imagined our gallant Englishman complied, for, in about half an hour, he was introduced to a most lovely young creature, who, with tears and blushes, " hoped he would forgive the method she took to " obtain his protection;—adding, that she was an " English woman, and second daughter to a Roman " Catholic merchant of immense fortune, who took " her, as it were, upon a visit of pleasure to Lisbon, " and then buried her in a monastery, in order to " gratify his ambition in the matching of her elder " sister. The friar is an Irishman," she continued, " and knows my family. He will do all in his " power to effect my escape, as, if it be effected, " I can amply reward him."

A council of war was now called on the means of getting out of the convent; when it was agreed, that the friar should let them out at midnight, and, in order to prevent inquiry or pursuit, report that she had drowned herself;—a death which foreigners think happens every day in England to young women disappointed in love, or wounded deeply by other strong passions. The plot succeeded, and the officer was married next morning to the fair apostate. However, it was thought most advisable, while the troops continued in Portugal, for the lady to appear in man's apparel. Upon her return to England, she found her elder sister dead, and her father in despair, for being, as he supposed, the cause of his second daughter's making away with herself. She waited upon him with her husband, and a new relation he had never seen. The old

man fainted with surprise and joy in his daughter's arms; but this meeting terminated in the reconciliation and happiness of all parties.

OF A PEDLAR AND A PEASANT IN SUABIA.

AN inhabitant of a village in the circle of Suabia was reduced to the most extreme poverty. For some days his family had subsisted only on a little oatmeal; and this being exhausted, their misery was extreme. A baker, to whom the father owed nine crowns, refused with unrelenting cruelty, to supply them with any more bread, till this sum was paid.

The cries of his wretched babes, almost expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife, pierced him with unutterable anguish. "Dearest husband!" said the distracted mother, "shall we suffer these miserable infants to perish? Have we given them birth, only to behold them die of hunger? See these poor victims, the fruits of our love! Behold their cheeks already covered with the paleness of death! For me—I expire with grief and misery. Alas! could I but yet preserve their lives at the expence of my own! Run—fly to the next town,—speak our distresses—let not a false shame conceal them!—Every moment you lose, is a dagger to your dying family. Perhaps Heaven may yet be touched by our miseries. You may find some good hearted person, who may yet relieve us."

The unhappy father, covered with rage, and more resembling a spectre than a man, hastened to the town. He entreated, he solicited, he described his wretched situation, with that affecting eloquence which the bitterness of anguish must inspire. In vain he implored compassion. Not one would hear him. No one would assist him. Rendered desperate by such unexpected cruelty, he entered into a wood, determined to attack the first passenger. Dire necessity now appeared a law, and an opportunity soon occurred. A pedlar passing by, he stopped him. The pedlar made not the least resistance, but gave up his purse, containing twenty crowns.

No sooner had the unfortunate man committed this robbery, than he felt the horrors of remorse, and, returning to the pedlar, threw himself, all in tears, at his feet. "Take back your money," said he;—"believe how much it has cost me, before I could be resolved to commit this crime. My heart has been unused to guilt. Come, I beseech you, to my cottage. You will there see the only motives that could lead me to this action, and when you view the deplorable condition of my family, you will forgive,—you will pity me,—you will be my benefactor, my preserver."

The poor honest pedlar raised the unfortunate man, and comforted him. Unable to withstand his solicitations, or rather yielding to the feelings of his own compassionate heart, he hesitated not to follow the peasant. But with what emotions did he enter the ruinous habitation! How moving

every object! The children almost naked, lying on straw, dying with hunger,—and the mother a picture of the deepest distress.

The peasant relates the adventure to his wife. “You know,” he said, “with what eagerness I went to the town, in the hope of finding some relief. But ah! I met only hard hearts, people busied in amassing riches, or in dissipating what they already have, in luxury and idle expences. Refused by all—desperate—furious—I went into a neighbouring wood—Can you believe it?—I have dared to lay violent hands on this good man;—I have dared—Oh! I cannot tell you.”

“Pity my poor babes!” exclaimed the distracted mother, looking with moving earnestness at the pedlar: “consider our miserable situation. Alas! poverty hath not altered our sentiments. In all our misery we have yet preserved our honesty. I beseech your mercy for my husband;—I implore your compassion for those wretched infants.”

The good pedlar, melted by this melancholy scene, mingled his tears with those of these poor people. “I am your friend,” said he. “Take these twenty crowns,—I insist upon it. Why is not my ability equal to my good wishes for you? I grieve that I cannot secure you a happier lot for the future.”——“What!” answered the peasant, “instead of treating me as your enemy, are you so good as to be my protector?—Would you be my preserver?—Alas! my crime renders me unworthy of this goodness. No! if I die

"with hunger, I will not take this money."—The pedlar insisting still, compels him to take it. The whole family kiss the benevolent hand which had thus preserved them from death. Tears only on every face can speak their grateful hearts, and the pedlar retires with that sweet delight which benevolent minds alone can taste.

Oh ye, on whom Fortune smiles, the gay, the proud, the affluent, the avaricious! after this example of benevolence in a poor pedlar, can your hearts be ever inaccessible to pity? Can you henceforth behold, unmoved, the sufferings of your fellow creatures? Fortune is inconstant. Enjoy her present favours; but forget not this important truth,—that your superfluities, at least, are the patrimony of the poor.

OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

A proud Parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him in a haughty tone, Who gave him that coat?—The same, said the shepherd, that clothed you—the *parish*. The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool? The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and

concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. *Why, are you going away then?* said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master, replied the shepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

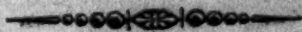
OF A CHINESE MANDARINE.

A Mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old fly Bonze, who following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. What does the man mean? cried the Mandarin; Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels. No, replied the other, but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't like.

OF A TURKISH SLAVE.

A Slave of Amrou Leits ran away, but, being pursued, was brought back; and that King's Grand Vizier, who hated the slave, solicited Amrou to put him to death, suggesting to him, that it would be

an instance to deter others. Hereupon the slave, casting himself on the ground before the King, said,—“Whatever your Majesty shall be pleased
 “to order, as to my destiny, must be done: for a
 “slave cannot find fault with the judgment of his
 “lord and master. — But, because I have been
 “brought up in your palace, as a mark of my gra-
 “titude, I could wish that you might not answer
 “for my blood at the day of judgment;—and,
 “therefore, if you desire I should be killed, let it
 “be under pretence of justice.”—Amrou asked
 him what he meant by that pretence.—“Suffer
 “me,” answered the slave, “to kill the Vizier, and
 “then you will be in the right in taking away my
 “life, to avenge his death.”—Amrou laughed at
 the conceit, and asked the Vizier what he thought
 of it. The Vizier answered, “I advise your ma-
 “jesty to forgive the wretch. He may draw some
 “misfortune upon me. I have deserved that an-
 “swer; not considering, that when we design to
 “kill another, we expose ourselves to be killed, as
 “much as him whom we intend to murder.”



OF MR. ADDISON.

ADDISON, after a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concerns for the

living, but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent; after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, "Dear Sir! you sent for me, I believe, and I hope you have some commands; if you have, I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply!—Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die." He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.



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